

On Our Backs

feb.mar
2002

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

brett + revi

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BUTCH ON BUTCH

how to

PUMP UP YOUR CLIT

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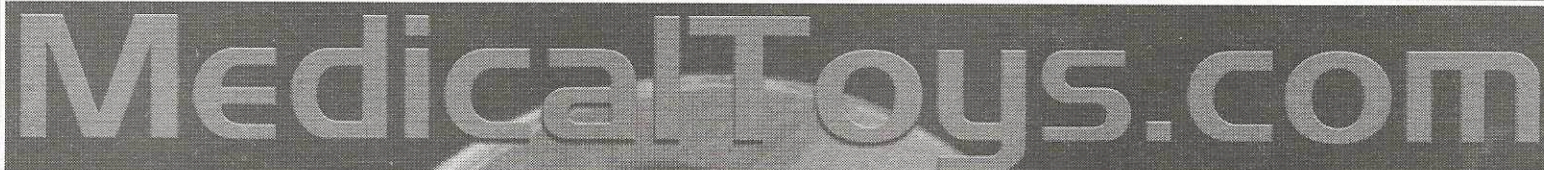
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OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

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editor at large Tristan Taormino

managing editor Diana Cage

editorial assistant Rachel Kramer Bussel

copy editors Yetta Howard, Kylie Johnston,
Laura Woodard

contributing editors Nina Hartley, Rachel Venning,
Laura Weide

contributing writers Red Jordan Arobateau, Hanne Blank,
Patrick Califia, Shorona se Mbessakwini

art director Ethan Duran

graphic designer Beverly Paet

associate photographers Phyllis Christopher, Michele Serchuk

contributing photographers Chloe Atkins, Rebecca Meyer,
Dave Naz, Michael Rosen, Liezel Rubin,
Del LaGrace Volcano

contributing artists Fish, Rosemary Van Deuren, DZ

associate publisher Catherine Draper

account manager Meghan Cooney

circulation director Adriana Gordon

circulation assistant Jill Federico

H. A. F. Enterprises

publisher of *On Our Backs*, *Girlfriends*,
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publisher Erin Findlay

editor in chief Heather Findlay

3415 César Chávez, Suite 101

San Francisco, CA 94110

phone 415.648.9464

fax 415.648.4705

editorial@onourbacksmag.com

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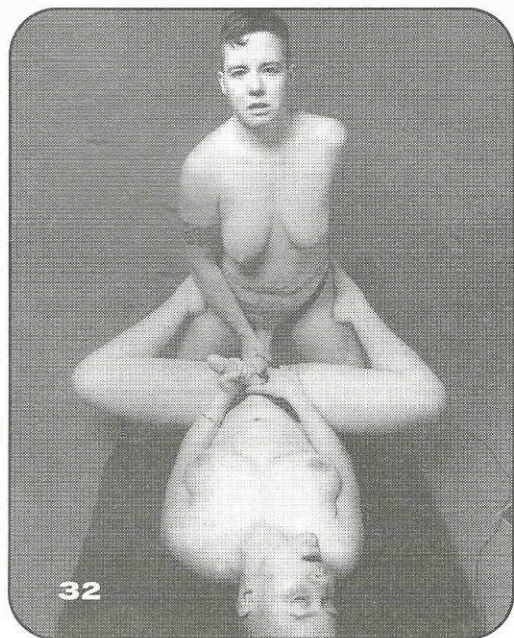
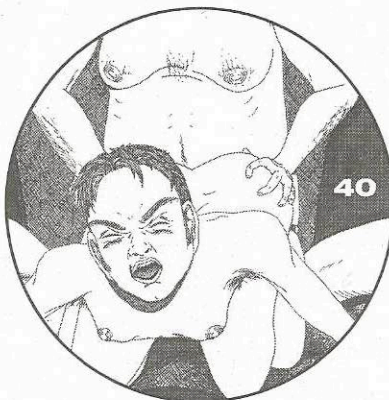
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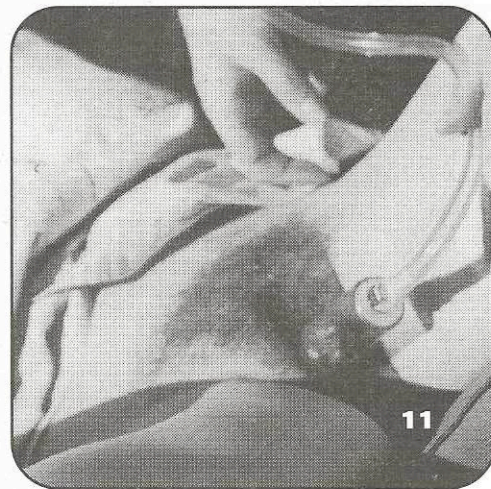
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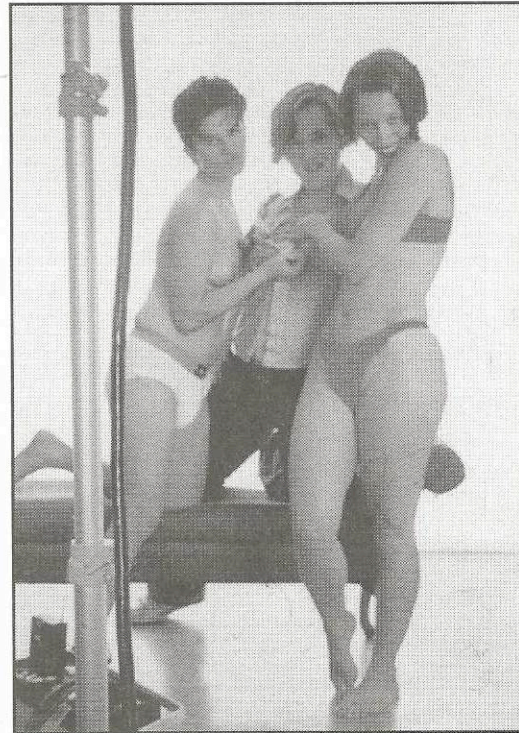
Lesbian at Large

Here at **On Our Backs** we are hotter and brainier than ever and much of it is thanks to our beloved workaholic and sex fiend Tristan Taormino. In her new role as editor-at-large, Tristan will be sending us regular reports from the trenches as Adventure Girl, plus interviews and photos of the wittiest and most babealicious women she encounters. We can't think of a better replacement for our current Adventure Girl, Michelle Tea, who you'll see more of in our features section. As for me, I'm staying put and embracing my new role as managing editor. I'll do my best to continue with Tristan's tradition of "Less Fluff, More Muff" starting with this issue. Make sure to check out gorgeous cover models Brett and Revi (p. 22) and the wonderful genderbent photos from Del LaGrace Volcano's Hermaphrodyke series on page 32.

X O X O,

Diana Cage

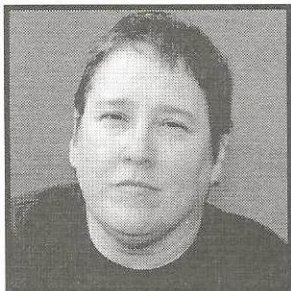
Diana Cage, Managing Editor



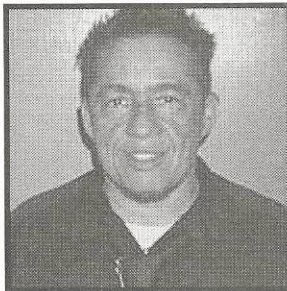
Here I am in Michael Rosen's studio with our foxy cover models

MICHAEL ROSEN

contributors



We have well-known author **Patrick Califia** to thank for the sweet and sexy ode to femmes on page 28. Patrick's most recent book is *Sensuous Magic: A Guide to SIM for Adventurous Couples*. He is currently working on a new collection of essays for Cleis Press, *Speaking Sex to Power*, and has nearly finished *Mortal Companion*, an erotic vampire novel as well as the first volume of a sword-and-sorcery series, *The Circle of Life*. As if that weren't enough to keep him busy, Patrick is also a parent and a therapist in private practice in San Francisco.



Author of "Daddy," the hot fiction story on page 40, **Red Jordan Arobateau** is an extremely prolific writer who began his first novel at the tender age of thirteen. Over the course of his life, the fifty-eight-year-old, mixed-race transman has written over sixty novels, many of which he has self published. His work is largely concerned with the lives and economic plights of poor queer and transgendered people. Many of his books are available through Amazon.com or can be ordered directly from his Web site at www.nothingbutnet.net/redjordan.



Hanne Blank is the author of "How to Break a Woman" (p. 38). She is a writer, editor, public speaker, activist, and educator. Her books include *Shameless: Women's Intimate Erotica*, *Best Transgender Erotica*, *Zaftig: Well Rounded Erotica*, and the groundbreaking *Big Big Love: A Sourcebook on Sex for People of Size and Those Who Love Them*. Her fiction, essays, reviews, and other writings are published in a wide range of venues including *Best American Erotica*, *Santa Fean Magazine*, *BBW Magazine* and *The Elvis Presley Reader*.



When she's not looking at hairy girl porn on the internet, **Rosemary Van Deuren** likes to draw, paint, and sculpt. She was very excited to illustrate "Daddy" on page 40. "I'm always so happy to see **On Our Backs** challenge sexual stereotypes and explore transgendered and genderbent desires," she says. "It's not right to deny yourself fucking who you want, how you want, just to cling to some political label or role." In addition to magazine illustration, Rosemary is working on a comic book and does naked drawings of girls she meets whom she hopes to see naked one day.



We are thrilled to have the politically-minded and multi-talented **Shorona se Mbessakwini** guest star as this issue's Adventure Girl (p. 8). The sex-positive, genderqueer, anarcho-ecofeminist organized a dyke cruising night in a local park and lived to tell the tale. We asked Shorona what motivates her activism and writing and she said, "A sense of idealism, tempered with a contentedness in the face of imperfection." We think you will agree that Shorona fits nicely between the illustrious Michelle Tea and the industrious Tristan Taormino.

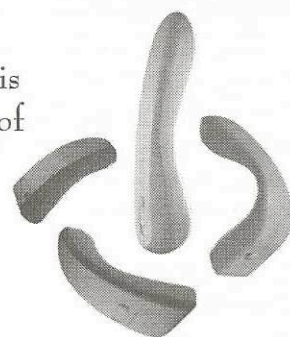
*After
a long day
at the library,
the last thing
Margaret needed
to unwind with
was a
good book.*



Candida Royalle

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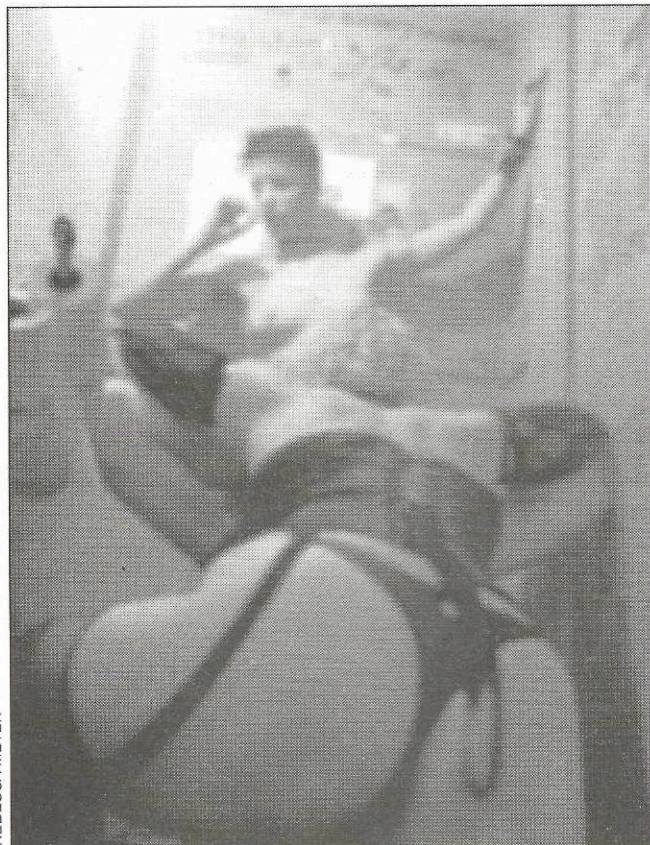
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REBECCA MEYER

Gushing for Genderfuckers

My friends and I think **On Our Backs** is superior to any other sex magazine. We love that you show things that no other magazines would even think of. The December/January 2002 issue was especially good. What do all the lesbians in middle America think of the article about giving blowjobs to strap-ons ("Suck Dyke Cock")? I was truly impressed and maybe even a little shocked by the butch-butth scene ("Hardcore Handball"). I also really enjoyed the recent transgender focus, both "A Dyke's Guide to Fucking Genderfuckers" in the August/September 2001 issue and the MTF model Jessica in the December/January 2002 issue.

Alana [last name withheld]
San Francisco, California

I wanted to be the first transwoman in **On Our Backs**. I can't believe that Jessica Choplin (December/January 2002) beat me to the punch. I still fantasize about appearing in your magazine with some really hot transman.

Angel Arguello
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

A twinge of excitement runs through my entire body every other month when my partner and I get our issue of **On Our Backs**. I look forward to the great pictures I can jerk off to and the many interesting things I will learn from the fascinating articles. I am a young FTM that is turned on by absolutely everything, and yours is the best magazine I've ever read. Thank you for the article "Suck Dyke Cock" (December/January 2002).

M. D. High
Indianapolis, Indiana

Large and Lustworthy

I would like to see a pictorial of larger-sized lesbians in your magazine. I know that I speak for other large-sized lesbians when I say I think it is high time that we get a chance to see photos of women that we

can identify with.

Name withheld
Via the Internet

Tune in: we have a hot pictorial featuring a gorgeous woman of size scheduled for the June/July issue.

Power Play

I have just received my second issue of **On Our Backs**. I love the fiction "Marta's Power" by Chris Baker (August/September 2001). After reading it I went out and begged to get my clit smacked. I totally got off on the power dynamic. The simple line illustration by Zanne deJanvier was cute, too. Thanks for the great inspiration.

Chrys Wallace
Via the Internet

Looking for Lesbians

On Our Backs and today's lesbian erotica collections make me seriously concerned about the absence of lesbianism in lesbian culture. I would once again like to see **On Our Backs** celebrate writers who see that butch is a proud and strong lesbian gender unto itself, that it has nothing to do with

being a man. I'd also like to see femme writers who value their own femaleness and understand that it is a treasure to give to the women they love. I would love to see **On Our Backs** once again become a means of creating an erotic literature that celebrates both our dignity and our defiance.

Joy Parks
Ottawa, Canada

Pussy Pleaser

Thank you for including "Femalia" and "I Am My Lover" in your interview with Tee Corinne (December/January 2002). She's great.

Leigh Davidson
San Francisco, California

Porn Stars In Love

I loved the photo spread of Amy and Cheri (December/January 2002). It's nice to see two people so relaxed with each other and their own bodies. They really seemed to enjoy what they were doing. Can we please see more couples like them?

Susan [last name withheld]
Clearwater, Florida

The Yeast Beast

Thanks so much to the reader who so tactfully reminded me that yeast infections are fungal in origin and not bacterial ("Advice," December/January 2002). I obviously had butt play on the brain! It's nice to know people are reading and paying attention.

Nina Hartley
Los Angeles, California

Naughty Naturalist

I just received the October/November 2001 issue of **On Our Backs**. I loved the picture of Tristan hiking naked in Arches National Park ("Postcard from the Editor"). As a Utah lesbian with a healthy libido I wish I had hiked around the corner about then.

Name withheld
Salt Lake City, Utah

talk to us sweet, talk to us dirty. Send your letters via e-mail to letters@onourbacksmag.com, via fax to 415.648.4705, or write **On Our Backs** magazine, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110.

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justine labelle

OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Cruising Dykes in the Park

by Shorona se Mbessakwini

illustration by Fish



Imagine a big urban park in the Mission district of San Francisco at night. Now picture it full of dykes cruising for sex. That was my vision. So with help and suggestions from Queeruption, a free grassroots queer gathering, Jaime and I came up with a place, a time, and a flyer for the first-ever Dyke-on-Dyke cruising night. And we practiced together: pretending to be strangers, rehearsing lines, kissing and fucking among the trees.

Our fag brothers cruise parks, alleys, restrooms, clubs, and wherever else they can think of for a nameless fuck without having to negotiate a dance floor, a relationship, or the possibility that the person they're chatting to for over an hour just likes chatting. I didn't think I was the only one peering enviously over the fence at that rougher-edged kind of romance, or maybe the death of romance itself.

Early that evening, one of us cut out the light near the playground equipment. It was a strategic improvement in the park's ambiance. It was up to whomever turned up to make the experience what they wanted.

As night fell, a bunch of adventurers appeared—mostly dykes and some trannies of all genders. I was sitting around on a wooden boat near the playground, sipping tequila with some friends and lovers, feeling like the hostess of a party. I wanted things to happen. I wanted to witness the New Dawn of dyke sexual liberation.

And then it started. First, a pretty butch girl with a loaded-looking bag got us all watching when she strode brazenly past us to stand over near the trees. She looked strong, and her bravado was a turn-on. The dykes and trannyboys near me seemed interested, too, but before anyone got their shit together to follow her, she strode intently back again, this time stopping way

down near the steps. She was followed by someone but not closely enough to keep her interest and she disappeared.

But my hopes and desires rose when a particular small, sexy, slutty, femmey woman I recognized arrived with a friend. Instead of joining the coffee clutch at the playground equipment, Ms. Hope went off and sat alone on a distant bench. Like a gentleman and a good host, I waited to leave space for someone else, someone totally anonymous, to give her the hot scene she more than deserved. I went back to drinking and talking with my friends and the gathered rabble. Sprinklers brought Ms. Hope back down to us, but with apparently undampened spirits.

She bravely sat away from us drinkers, waiters, and hesitators. I vaguely noticed her changing clothes. Then I heard the sound of a small stream hitting the playground sand. She was standing on the other side of the playground, her long, black dress pulled up high, no underwear, her legs spread. She was pissing a pretty and tinkling liquid line for the pleasure of us all. Let the games begin, I thought.

When she finished showing off, she approached us and complained in a stranded lady's lilt that she had nothing to clean herself with. Unable to resist a damsel in distress, I offered my sleeve. Then I offered my mouth. But I wasn't quite sure. I confessed I didn't want piss on my breath all night. No problem: Ms. Hope pulled out a chocolate from her mysterious kit. With that, I turned and gently used my tongue to clean her piss-wet, shaven pussy, taking my sweet time and ignoring the giggles from my friends beside me. Then, true to her word, that slutty priestess offered me a chocolate from between her teeth.

She asked who was wearing a dick, and walked purposefully behind the climbing

equipment. Go on, I said to my eager, sailor-boy friend. But he wouldn't go alone. Maybe he was afraid of losing his erection. We couldn't leave the lady waiting, so I went with him. Sailor boy had his cock sucked. I felt the pull of my responsibilities as a host, but the lady was squatting in front of him, and I knew she didn't have anything on under her dress. I moved behind that dear, cocksucking lady, pulled

she was standing
on the other side
of the playground,
her long, black
dress pulled high,
no underwear,
legs spread.

up her dress, spanked her ass, and fucked her for a long time. I then kissed her mouth and pinched her nipples while sailor boy worked hard, pushing his dick into her as she requested.

In her true commitment to the cause of encouraging those around us to scatter and fuck, she moaned extra loud. Our gathering became a tradition; we take over the park the first Sunday of every month now. oob

Every issue, **adventure girl** sets off for another sex-capade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax: 415-648-4705; e-mail: editorial@onourbacksmag.com.

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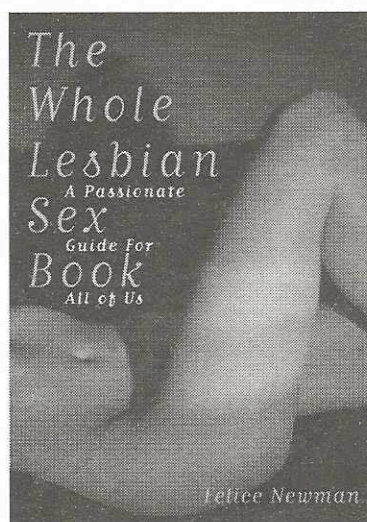
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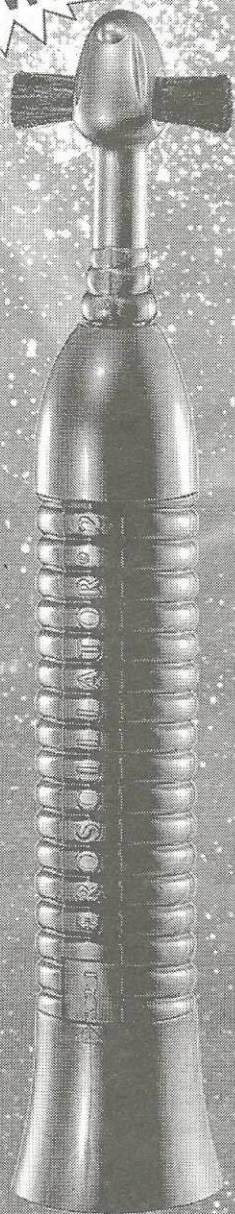


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Vagina Sensitiva

My girl and I have a problem with penetration. It hurts her—even my little finger seems too much for her. She says it hurts her most around the opening of her vagina, but if I move my fingers around inside of her she is also in pain. She can't use tampons, either. When she was younger, she asked a doctor for help, and he just said she needed to stretch. What else can I do? I crave for the day I can give her the pleasure she gives me.

There are three things you can do. First, take your girlfriend to a caring gynecologist. Her symptoms sound like vaginismus, and treatments are available. Second, help her heal emotionally. It will be a long trip to the place where her pussy is a source of pleasure, not pain. She may need counseling. Finally, turn your attention to the pleasures you give her without hurting her. Even if vaginismus is the culprit, who knows when, or if, she will ever enjoy full penetration. Love her any way that works.

Warm and Fuzzy

I am a twenty-two-year-old lesbian with an androgen imbalance. My symptoms are almost exactly like those consistent with Polycystic Ovary Syndrome: I am growing a lot of hair on my lower back and abdomen and some around my nipples. I am also very overweight because of the same problem. Because I'm very femme, I'm especially uncomfortable with all this. I am embarrassed to undress in front of women, let alone enjoy sex!

It sounds like you have a good relationship with your endocrinologist; if not, you'll need a full evaluation to get proper treatment. In the meantime, shaving the excess hair may ease your embarrassment. In any case, I suggest you seek support to help you process your feelings. Massage therapy, exercise, dance,

and yoga are useful in maintaining a good relationship with your body. Do not abandon your physical, sexual self in this time of distress: be nice to it and treat it with loving care. It will return the favor.

Smoked Out

My girlfriend and I recently started having oral sex. She's great at it. I want to give her as much pleasure as she gives me, but there's a problem. Every time I go down on her, the smell from her pussy becomes too much for me to handle. I have to back off. Is there some way to address the problem without breaking the mood? I can't exactly tell her she smells. I usually love going down on women; it's just that her particular smell is very strong.

There is no easy way to tell a woman her odor is a turn-off. But there is a polite way. Pick a time outside the bedroom. Hold her hands, look her in the eye, and share with her how hard it is for you to bring up this difficult subject. In your own words, explain that you love giving her head, and you love the smell of her pussy, but for some reason her odor is very strong. You must permit her to be hurt for a moment: do not rush to comfort her. Patiently remind her that you're not saying this to hurt her, but to remove a roadblock to more of this act that you both enjoy so much. Suggest a shower together before you make love next time. (If that doesn't work, tell her you'd be glad to go to a gynecologist with her; perhaps she has a medical problem.) Hopefully she will be grateful for your bravery and you'll take it from there!

Nina Hartley is a porn star and a registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Fax: 415.648.4705; mail: Probe Nina, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com.

Pump Your Clit

by Rachel Venning

For years, our gay male brethren have been using vacuum pumping systems to increase the size of their dicks. Transgendered guys, too, pump their clits to get supersized genitalia. What most dykes don't know is that pumping your parts isn't good just for the gander. In addition to gender play, SM, and medical scenes, clit pumping lends itself to all sorts of visual satisfactions and sensory thrills. It's also fun for gearheads who love the latest sexual technologies.

The pump system consists of a small, clear cylinder that attaches via a flexible tube to a hand-operated vacuum pump. The pump creates a powerful suction that pulls blood into the clitoris and surrounding tissue. As the clit, its hood, and some of the labia become engorged with blood, you can see your tender button grow as it is sucked into the cylinder.

For some, the intense tugging sensation is enough to generate an orgasm. For others, the goal is to produce a clit big enough for penetration. Or the thrill may lie in playing with the swollen tissue after the cylinder is removed. However, not everyone will like the intensity of the sensation. Here are the basics on how to do it:

1. The Right Tool

Purchase good equipment and familiarize yourself with it. Expect a high-quality pump and Pyrex cylinder to cost about \$80.

NIPPLE PUMPING

Originally, the cylinders that women used for clit pumping were designed for nipples. As is the case with your clit, pumping your nips delivers pleasurable sensation and enormous nipples. If you enjoy the feeling of hard sucking on your nipples, you may also enjoy the steady pull of a vacuum pump. The same basic suggestions apply: go slowly, experiment, enjoy the visuals, and stop if it hurts.

Cheaper options exist, but they don't work as well. Practice using the pump on your thigh and make sure you understand how it works. Test the quick-release valve.

2. Prepare for Landing

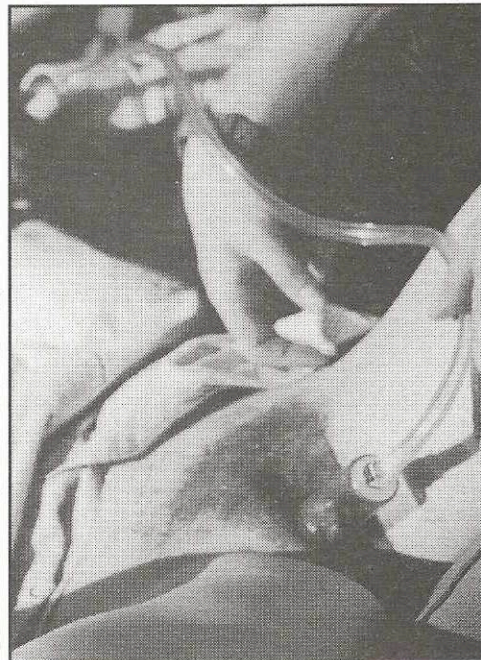
The pump works best if your tissue is already warm and your blood is flowing. It helps to be turned on. Alternately, take a bath or shower first. For a good seal between the flared opening of the cylinder and your skin, shave any pubic hair that would get in the way and use a thick water-based lube. (I recommend Maximus for this job.) Coat your clit and the inside of the tube to prevent chafing.

3. Pump It Up

Hold the cylinder snugly against your skin with one hand and use the other hand to pump. Once the suction has created a seal, you can let go of the cylinder. Go slowly. Start with the valve open to feel just a slight sucking. When the valve is closed, each squeeze of the hand pump increases the vacuum pull on the clitoris and surrounding tissue, so pause after each pump to see how it feels. Pain is a sign to stop. Though you might want it to, don't expect your new member to fill the entire cylinder. Experiment with releasing all the pressure and then begin pumping again.

4. Record It for Posterity

If you're with a partner, release the pump after a little pumping and enjoy the heightened sensations as she appreciates your fattened clit with her mouth. Don't overdo it; a little pumping goes a long way and over-pumping can desensitize the tissue. If you find yourself numb rather than super-sensitive, pump less next time. Where's the camera? She can document the amazing shape, color, and size of your engorged tissue swelling inside the clear cylinder.



DEL LAGRACE VOLCANO

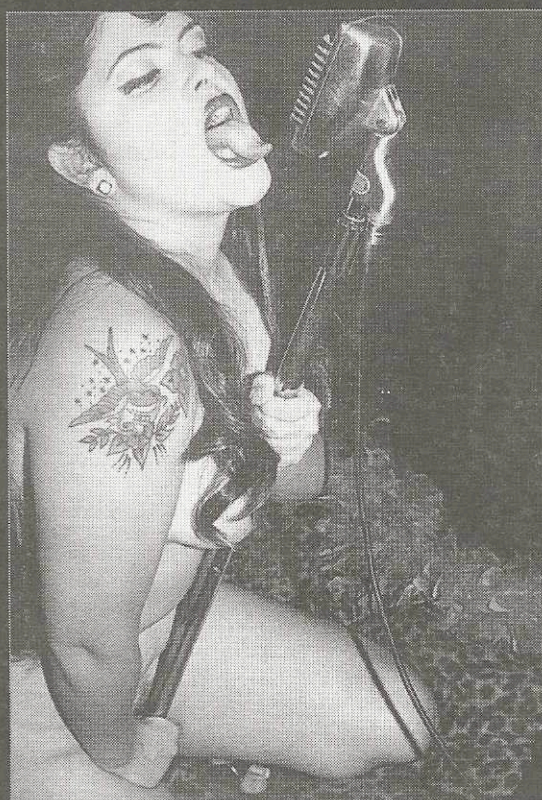
5. Fuck Around With It

The pump and tube can be detached, leaving the engorged clit still vacuumed up into the cylinder, where it will stay until you break the seal by pressing the quick-release button. Play around with your new mini-dick. Gently tug the tube, hold a vibrator against it, ask her to suck on it. You can also fuck your partner while the cylinder is on. To make it more comfortable for her, swaddle the cylinder with a little padding to cover the valve end, and then cover it with a small condom. For more info on fucking with a pumped-up clit check out the book, *The Ultimate Guide to Strap-On Sex* by Karlyn Lotney.

6. Enlarge it—Guaranteed!

For those who like to inflict sharp sensations on their lovers' tender parts, pumping her clit will push her over the edge. And tops with butch bottoms find clit pumps menacing, technical, and well-suited to gender play. As some daily pumpers say, "This ain't no insta-penis!" Small, permanent increases over time can happen. But usually your clit returns to a swollen, but near normal, size as soon as you release the vacuum. oob

Rachel Venning is the cofounder of Toys in Babeland and the producer of babeland.com.



making mona MOAN

photography by Liezel Rubin

Name: Mona

Age: 24

Location: Los Angeles

Occupation: Dreamer

Sign: Taurus

Identity: Chicana lezzie

Relationship status: Married

continued on page 14



continued from page 12
mona

Type: Mid-western butches with sexy smiles and tough, no-nonsense femmes.

Favorite sex act: Getting fucked by my gal's dildo with my face pushed into the pillow while I'm on all fours, moaning.

Favorite type of adult entertainment: Aside from **On Our Backs**, I've got a weakness for strippers. I've come dangerously close to spending my rent on one too many lap dances.

Favorite sex toy: My luscious wife

Favorite sex sound: A hand cracking someone's ass

Turn-ons: Tattoos, muscles, long legs, full breasts, round asses, pompadours, leather, vinyl, PVC, latex, full lips, motorcycles, fast cars, violence, exhibitionism, stockings, black lingerie, garter belts, high heels, shapely calves, smoking, kissing, spanking, aggression. **oob**





Erotic Travel Tales

edited by Mitzi Szereto
[Cleis Press]

Erotic Travel Tales is an inexpensive ticket to sultry destinations the world over. The sex is as varied as the locales: a shy virgin discovers his true sexual tendencies in Kieron Devlin's "The Beach Hut," while an Austrian expatriate feasts at the erotic banquet of Mardi Gras in Maxim Jakubowski's "Bottomless on Bourbon." By differing from the traditional travel genre, these works challenge the meaning of exotic. Stories like Mary Anne Mohanraj's "Season of Marriage" explore themes of cultural re-discovery and homecoming. Travel fantasies are also shaped by class differences, as the poverty of a working-class lesbian couple in M. Christian's "New York, N.Y., by way of Taos, N.M." casts the Big Apple in an unobtainable and therefore exotic light.

Bottom line: perfect erotic-exotic merge. **mg**

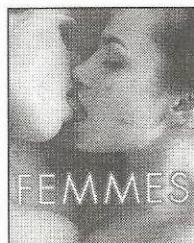


Femmes: Masterpieces of Erotic Photography

edited by Michelle Olley
[Thunder's Mouth Press]

The introduction and cover image of this beautifully printed coffee table book lead us to believe that inside we will find pictures showing intimacy between women and femme-femme love. Imagine how disappointed I was to discover that few of the women in this book actually touch, and

when they do, it looks like mainstream porn. And though the book claims to concern itself with the "strong, natural eroticism of womankind," most of the images are of fetish and fashion models, not women I



could relate to. It's not that I don't appreciate the genre; it's that *Femmes* does not show off the best examples of the artists who contributed. There are a few very good images in this book including some nice classic nudes, but I recommend buying books showcasing those individual artists, rather than this poorly put-together

collection. *Femmes* claims to be about women as they really are, but ends up being about what women look like in heels.

Bottom line: nothin' but a pretty face. **zd**

Guilty Pleasures: True Tales of Erotic Indulgence

edited by M. Christian
[Black Books]

Guilty Pleasures is a new collection of true confessions from celebrated erotica authors about what gets them turned on in real life. The results are quite explosive and sometimes unexpected. There's not much specifically dyke content, but enough kinky antics to get you revved up. Featuring great queer writers like Midori, Marilyn Jaye Lewis, and Linda Poelzl, this collection leaves no sexual stone unturned. There's everything here from death and destruction to ass-fucking and popping blackheads. Some are enough to make you squirm, and not always in a good way, but all are thought-provoking and entertaining. Though nonfiction, some of these stories are just as hot and sexy as any erotica—be prepared to get wet while you read! My favorite story, probably because it's the one I personally relate to the most, is Alison Tyler's "Bad Girl," a must for all you discipline fans.

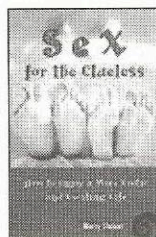
Bottom line: true tales that run the gamut from raunchy to raunchier. **rkb**



Sex for the Clueless: How to Enjoy a More Erotic and Exciting Sex Life

by Marcy Sheiner
[Citadel Press]

I like to think of myself as a sexually savvy dyke, so when I was assigned this book for review I approached it with some apprehension. As soon as I started reading I realized this book has a lot to offer anyone, from erotic novices to well-seasoned practitioners of polyamory. Marcy Sheiner, a celebrated writer of erotica and former **On Our Backs** editor, takes a holistic approach to



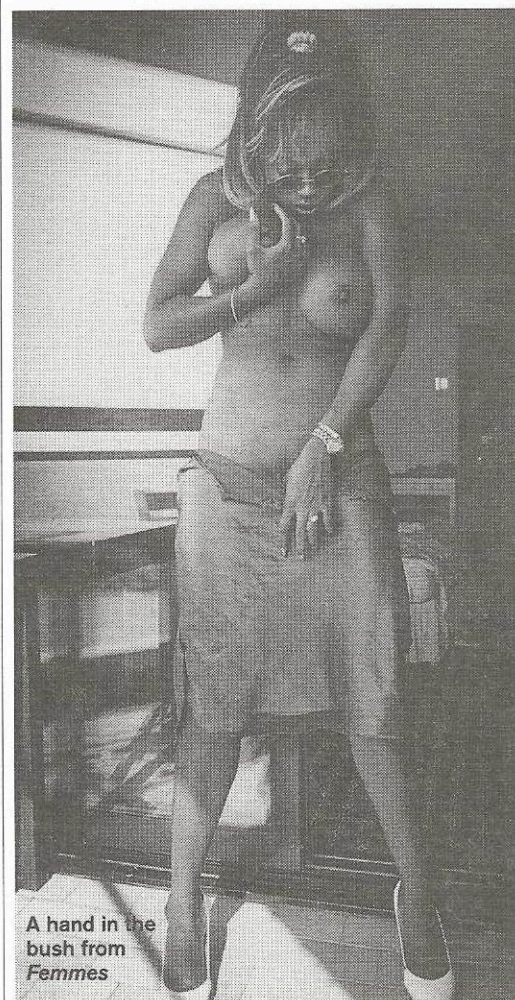
sharing what she has learned about enriching our erotic lives. Equal parts self-help manual, instructional guide, and common sense, each chapter is accompanied by "sexercises," brief and easy-to-follow exercises that engage mind, body, and spirit in the search for sexual self-knowledge and adventure. The book is also bolstered with examples drawn from her own experiences and from some of the best writers and speakers on the subject, including Susie Bright and Annie Sprinkle.

Bottom line: for the clued-in as well as the clueless. **mg**

The Homosexuality of Men and Women

by Magnus Hirschfeld
[Prometheus]

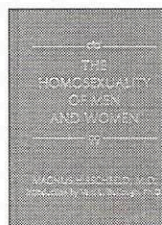
Hirschfeld's historic apology for homosexuality is a great read for anyone with a more than amateur interest in lesbian sexuality. Michael Lombardi-Nash's laborious yet



A hand in the bush from *Femmes*

review staff
 rkb . Rachel Kramer Bussel
 dc . Diana Cage
 hf . Heather Findlay
 mg . Myriam Gurba
 zd . Zille Defeu

accessible translation confirms what we've only heard second-hand from Hirschfeld's readers in German: born in 1868, he believed gays were "urnings," a third sex, a natural deviation from the norm. Even better, the first-ever English version gives us intimate insights into the lives of queers in nineteenth-century Europe: in order to strengthen his appeal for tolerance, Hirschfeld assembled hundreds of uncensored and fascinating, if tragic, case histories. (The Berliner's own career ended in flames after Hitler's henchmen destroyed his Institute for Sexual Research; he died not long after he witnessed it on a newsreel in Paris in 1933.) Best of all, the scholar-activist was free of the modern bias among gay storytellers toward subjects who are white, middle-class, and male; Hirschfeld knew an astonishing number of urnings, rich and poor, and lesbians were not an afterthought in his life's work.



Bottom line: Victorian but passionately relevant. hf

How to Write a Dirty Story: Reading, Writing & Publishing Erotica

by Susie Bright
 [Simon and Schuster]

Former editor of **On Our Backs** and sexpert extraordinaire, Susie Bright has written a guide to writing erotica that eases the would-be writer along every step of the way. Bright demystifies the creative process and teaches you how to avoid the

typical sex-writing pitfalls, such as corny language and purple prose. She includes writing exercises at the end of every chapter and covers genre writing like science fiction and fantasy, giving well-written

examples of many different styles. More importantly, Bright's book guides the writer through the practical stuff such as where to sell your work, what to expect from your editor, and how book tours will affect you. She even includes advice on handling erotica groupies.

Bottom line: a must for smut scribes. dc

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Daryl Brown (owner)

Paradise Found

[Toys in Babeland, \$40]

Toys in Babeland has put together a bunch of cute, naughty gift packs for Valentine's Day. So far, my favorite is the aquatically-oriented **Paradise Found**. As soon as I ripped open the box, my baby rushed to fill the tub with **Queen Bubble Bath**. We climbed in and I tossed in the **Floaty Dice** to see what sexy instructions we'd get.

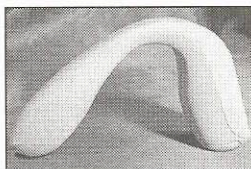
It's a good thing I've been masturbating to those Navy Seals training tapes, because the dice read **LICK THIGHS**, which required an underwater excursion. When I finally surfaced it was time to employ the waterproof and oh-so-pretty rose-adorned **Rosey G Vibrator**. Well, let me just say that the vibrator was very quiet, but my girlfriend wasn't.

Bottom line: bad news for your water bill. **dc**

Ultimate

[Natural Contours \$38]

This three-speed vibe is made of smooth, hard plastic and the powder-blue color is pretty and feminine. Call me impatient, but I found the material too flat to tickle my clit. The extremely lightweight vibe was difficult to maneuver, but will doubtless move you to orgasm if you leave



it in long enough. Women who enjoy gentle penetration may find the Natural Contours to be a great alternative to thicker, heftier toys. The tapered U shape made it stay inside me forever, whether walking, sitting, or lying down. Perhaps to make up for its delicate performance, the toy is incredibly easy to clean and ambiguous enough that you can travel with it worry-free.

Bottom line: feminine shape, shy performance. **jp**

Target Rocket Vibe

[Doc Johnson, \$16.95]

Don't put this in your mouth, because it tastes like a nasty combination of synthetic materials. For the most part, the manufacturer delivers on its promises: multi-speed, eight inches, purple pearl finish, soft jelly head. Thank you. However, beware the flexi-grape tip for all you sisters keeping it *au naturel*, as the sticky rubber point might catch you by the short'n'curlies—YIKES! The only other minor concern is the exceptionally noisy rattling of the batteries. All things considered you've got a pretty fun and functional vibrator with some extra flexibility for her highness's G spot, lest she be pummeled by the plastic rockets of days gone by.

Bottom line: noisy and sticky, just like sex. **ag**

Vaginal Barbell

[Betty Dodson \$69.95]

Designed by the mother of masturbation, Betty Dodson, this awesome-looking, solid

stainless-steel sex toy is intended to assist you in doing effective Kegel exercises. But the smooth exterior and heavy weight feel so good in your cunt you'll forget you are



supposed to be exercising. A good old in-and-out motion feels great. It also feels delicious pressed against your G spot with a vibrator on your clit. It has smooth ridges leading up to a bulbous tip on each end which really give your pussy muscles something to grip onto while you are doing other things, like say, getting fucked in the ass, or spanked, or having your boots licked.

Bottom line: a workout you won't want to skip. **dc**

ivibe Rabbit

[Doc Johnson, \$38]

This realistic, dual-action vibe is the superstar of my battery-operated harem. The velvety rubber dildo twirls, sending the pearly balls into a pleasing tumble at the opening of your labia. The soft rubber shaft is studded with a non-veiny texture and features a slight curvature for G spot stimulation while the small rabbit flutters her ears along your clit. The base contains a variable speed control panel and battery pack power to drive your orgasm for the long haul. The twirling dong and shuddering clit tickler have more settings than any other dual action vibe.

Bottom line: action-packed joystick fun. **mc**



click.it

www.pursedlips.com

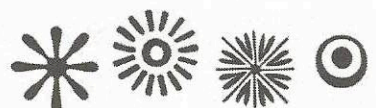
Erotica writer Debra Hyde's Web log Pursed Lips is my first stop when it comes to finding out what's going on in the world of sex and kink. Updated on an almost daily basis, Debra manages to find articles from all over the Web (and world) about everything from new sex books to the latest right-wing anti-sex crusade. The site is very easy to use, and you can request to be notified when it's updated if you don't want to keep checking back each time. I always find amazing information that I haven't seen elsewhere. **rkb**

www.trans-health.com

This site calls itself "the online magazine of health and fitness for transsexual and transgendered people." Articles include safety guidelines for injecting hormones, a summary of research on the causes of transsexuality, a diet for MTFs, and several first-person accounts on various trans issues. I'm not a doctor or scientist, so I can't attest to the site's medical accuracy, but I think it's a promising start from people who want to help other trans people get educated. **rkb**

www.gothdykenetwork.teatr olafemme.com/seriously kinkylit_1.html

Don't be deterred by the super-long URL. Just type it in and bookmark it, 'cause you'll want to return to this mega resource often. This site of "kink-related online resources for women" breaks it down into categories, such as "Adult Toys 'n' BDSM Equipment," "Lesbian Porn Sites," "Fat Grlzz Kinky Stuff," and more. I found lots of new sites to visit, like kinkycards.com. The kinky list recommends some pay sites, but they warn that they're going to cost you. **rkb**



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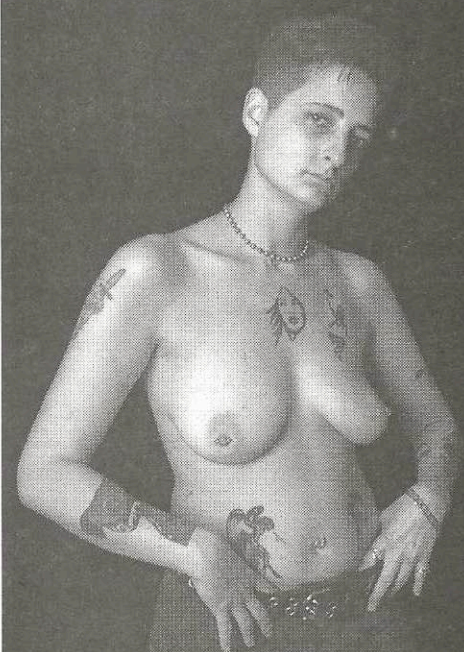
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Porn That Bites

Video vampires that will suck you dry

by Laura Weide

Insatiable, cold, sharp, carnal, and imperious, vampires are the sexiest monsters. These demi-gods of the undead aren't just serial killers with orthodontic issues. Vampires inspire speechless swooning in their sexually overpowered victims. It would seem, from books and movies, that the best sex the victims have ever had was the full-bodied orgasm that came with a pierced jugular.

What explains the eternal rock-star status of Dracula? Vampire eroticism speaks to our desire to be transformed by sex, and reminds us of the connections between sex and death. If you've ever felt a clench in your cunt from a well-placed love bite or dreamed of sharp objects pressing into soft flesh, you're probably already a believer.

Dracula Exotica

dir. Warren Edwards
[VCA, 1979]

A young Jamie Gillis is the priapic count whose hopeless love for a cloistered virgin drives him to rape and debauchery in this classic seventies porn. His punishment: eternity as a blood-sucking Romanian ghoul who can't get off. A hundred years later, his castle is nationalized and turned into a tourist trap by communist bureaucrats. It's off to America where he is suspected of being a commie spy. It's a clever spy-meets-spy Cold War subplot. The amazing Vanessa Del Rio serves up searing scenes and clearly enjoys her voracious fanged after-life. Unlike other porn, which crumbles like stale cake when the plot thickens, this production has no trouble managing complexity. But it's not for the thin-skinned—violence, rape, age play, necrophilia, and countless murders provide edgy material. Like other films of its genre it serves up good writing and wry humor without the badump-bump timing of many contemporary porn flicks.

Bottom line: sanguine and sexy classic.



Ladies of the Night

dir. Maria Beatty
[Blue Productions, 1999]

Maria Beatty is my favorite pornographer. She makes gorgeous, crackling movies, works of art that capture the drama of the dungeon. In this black and white silent film, made in the style of early "talkies," a young school girl wandering the empty streets of Paris is swept away by gleaming-eyed, high-femme lesbian vampires. Just the words "lesbian vampire" induce visions of SM—vanilla vampire is an oxymoron. The school girl is put through the paces in the torture chamber and is transformed by the devilish ministrations into a demonic bottom.

Bottom line: a toothsome, tribade-filled treat.



Forever Night

dir. Michael Ninn
[VCA, 2001]

Michael Ninn's porn has been compared to MTV music videos—rapid-fire edits and tooth-aching eye candy. *Forever Night* offers an homage to *Dracula Exotica*. Jamie Gillis again is the count (twenty-two years later), looking a little worse for the wear. He's been condemned to an eternity without sexual gratification. The voyeur at the edges of surreal acrobatic wall-to-wall sex scenes, Gillis watches as silicone-enhanced porn stars suck and fuck. There's no vampire action, but Jill Kelly has an electric encounter with a greasy-looking demon with sharp teeth, fun toys, and a nice dungeon. There are no realistic female orgasms, but lots of cum shots and facials.

Bottom line: this one really sucks.

Dark Angels

dir. Nic Andrews
[New Sensation, 2000]

Gloriously gloomy, slick and sexy, this hot horror thriller was a big winner at the 2001

AVN Awards. Gorgeously filmed and edited, *Dark Angels* is my top mainstream vamp flick. Sydney Steele leads the sizzling pack of dominatrixes of the undead who fuck the living daylight out of men, and then tear at their jugulars with sizable incisors. This one really isn't for the faint of heart—there is a gruesome coroner's report and lots and lots of blood, and let's not forget the ritual virgin sacrifice. Crackling latex and PVC costumes and the smoky atmosphere create a compelling backdrop for some truly inspired sexual performances.

Bottom line: gore plus a haunting lesbo scene.



Sex Flesh and Blood

dir. Christopher Lee
[Producers Christopher Lee and J. Zapata, 1999]

A rocking goth-punk porno. Hot and sexy transman Angel and a band of bad boys have down and dirty sex. The fiendishly erotic Jade Blue Eclipse haunts cemeteries and nether places for fresh meat, hot and cold, and finds it in a mausoleum three-way. As the box cover says, "A hardcore tale where leathermen, vampires, transpecies, and cadavers collide."

Bottom line: first-rate, queer monster-mash!



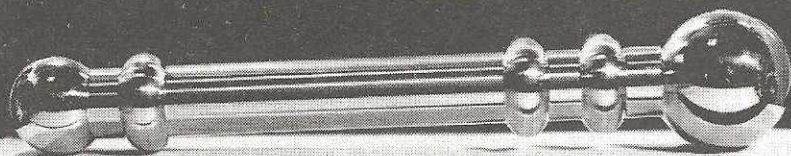
Les Vampyres

dir. James Avalon
[Metro Productions, 1999]

A trio of vampires are cruising California, fiercely fucking men and then biting off their dicks and draining their life blood. Jewel Valmont plays the girl next door whose inexplicable craving for hard jugular chewing during sex with her fiancé leaves her befuddled about her true self. The production values are fabulous—gorgeous film quality, great sets and costumes, first-rate editing—but unfortunately, the script is painfully weak.

Bottom line: flushed lesbian sex scene, bloodless script.

Laura Weide is a sex educator, pleasure activist, and the Web editor at babeland.com.



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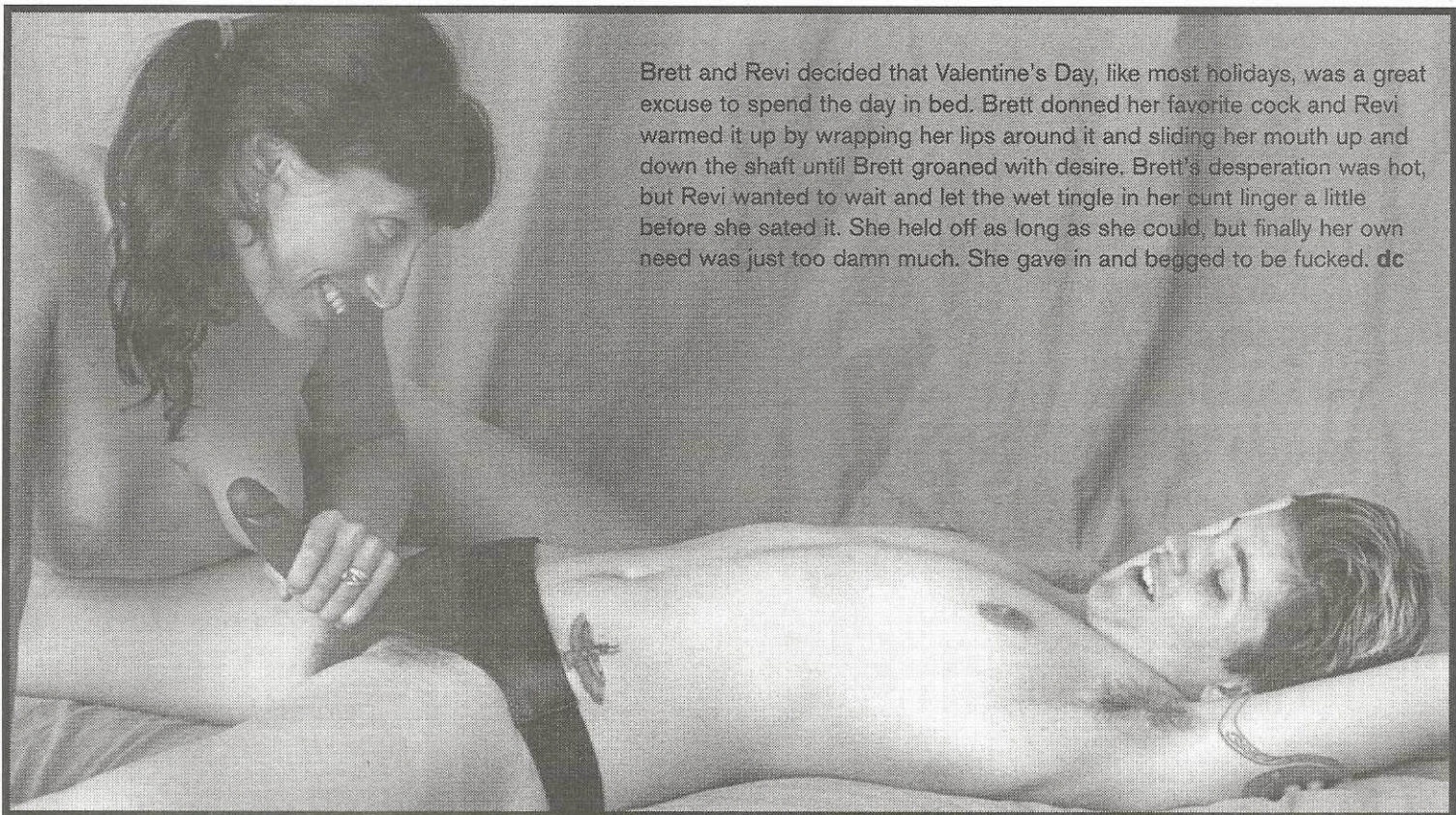
VALENTINES

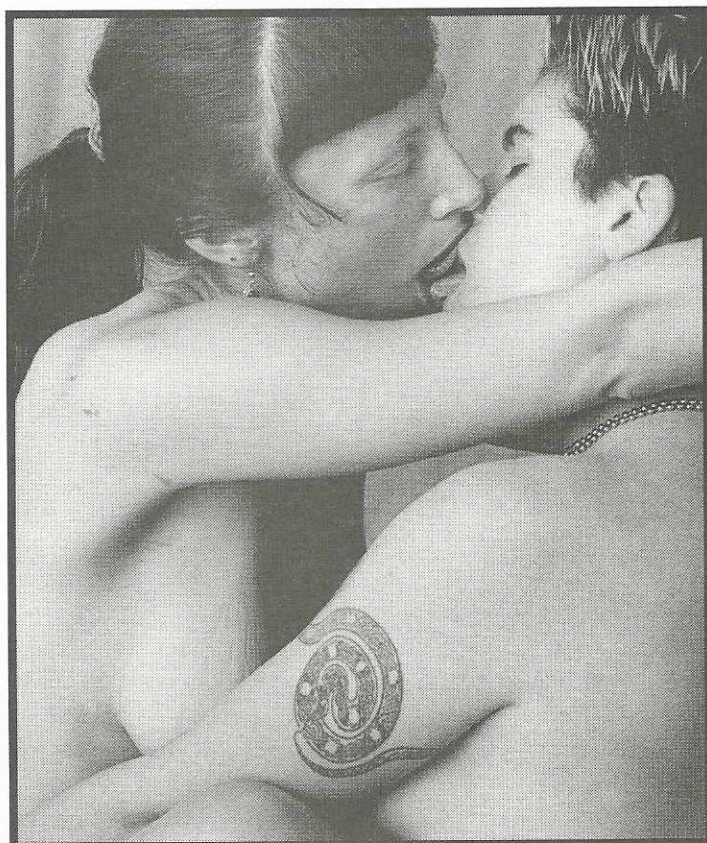
Sexy sweethearts come down from Nirvana to pose for us mortals

photography by
Michael Rosen



Brett and Revi decided that Valentine's Day, like most holidays, was a great excuse to spend the day in bed. Brett donned her favorite cock and Revi warmed it up by wrapping her lips around it and sliding her mouth up and down the shaft until Brett groaned with desire. Brett's desperation was hot, but Revi wanted to wait and let the wet tingle in her cunt linger a little before she sated it. She held off as long as she could, but finally her own need was just too damn much. She gave in and begged to be fucked. **dc**





On Our Backs

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX











Femmes: A Love Letter

An unexpected, pleasurable side effect of testosterone has been Patrick Califia's renewed appreciation of lesbian femmes.

illustration by Colleen Coover

The most surprising thing that testosterone brought into my life is a fresh, compelling, and sometimes distracting appreciation of femmes. I notice them before I notice anybody else in a crowd. There they are, looking fabulous, and here I am, wanting to do something dirty about it. Excuse me, Miss, do you come here often? Any interest in coming at all?

Maybe this surprised me because I bought into the idea that if you are a transsexual man, you must on some level have negative feelings about the female form.

Instead, I seem to have been set free of any inhibition, hesitation, or insecurity that I used to feel about savoring the sight of beautiful women. Victoria's Secret commercials put me in a trance. Cleavage and miniskirts can fascinate me so deeply that I walk into telephone poles. Lipstick and high-heeled shoes make me perspire and breathe funny. I've always been drawn to butch men and women, but alongside that Big Fag streak in my libido is a new, happy highway, down which I have run full-tilt, full of girl crazy.

I may start a few unintended fires by saying I am an FTM with the hots for femmes. At least one butch dyke will be pissed off because, as one especially indignant butch put it at a forum I attended, "FTMs are stealing all the femmes." (As if the girls had nothing to say about it.) One or more femmes will have angst because, as the lament goes these days, all of the butches are taking hormones and turning into men.

But I also know there are femmes who define themselves as women who eroticize

masculinity, whether it comes in a butch, FTM, or bioboy package. Some of these women think of themselves as dykes, some call themselves bisexual or queer. These are the femmes I love the most. Although I can appreciate a dolled-up straight babe, I am more turned on by women who are at least a three on the Kinsey scale. We have a community in common, a position as outsiders, an insight into how the system of sex and gender privilege operates.

I also think that queer-identified femmes have a sharper sense of style, a more individual way of moving through the world. The assumption that a femme is mimicking a heterosexual role is wrong-headed. It's quite a challenge to manifest a publicly queer identity as a feminine female, but femmes manage this task quite well, if you are paying attention. (Hint number one: Look for the short fingernails.) Femmes are fierce and radical in addition to being soft-skinned and nice smelling. Their skirts usually have pockets, and sometimes they are carrying sharp objects in their artful little bags. While they might gladly pretend to be submissive, that is by no means a foregone conclusion. The patriarchy has much to fear from them, for they are no man's pawn. It's all about Power to the Pussy.

Why am I all of a sudden longing to peel a busty beauty out of her latex cat suit or insinuate my fingers underneath a pair of black satin panties? Polarization. The more masculine my body has become, the more comfortable I feel putting my skin against Her, She, the one with long hair or seamed stockings. I am intrigued by and drawn to femmes because their lives and desires are so very different from my own. And perhaps I feel an enhanced ability to give them satisfaction. I am no longer afraid that a femme will come into my life and be too much for me to handle. I am more grounded now, more settled in myself, and thus more able to deal with other people's needs. Especially if they are willing to sit on my lap, wiggle around a little, and call me a dirty old man.

I am also drawn to femmes because I think they "get" my unique masculinity. As time goes on, my ability to pass may increase, but I don't think I will ever have a simple and straightforward male identity. I am not likely to be strutting naked around

the steam room at the gym any time soon. My body has taken so much criticism, both from other people and myself, that I often feel as if I am carrying an injury that I want to protect. Femmes represent a potential refuge to me, a sanctuary from the uglier tactics of the Gender Police.

A loving femme understands that her lover has needs, strong needs, but she also has an intuitive grasp of the physical boundaries that can sometimes intrude. If I don't want to take my shirt off, she's not going to harass me about that. If I need to be touched on top of my clothes, that's okay with her. If I need to take my pleasure indirectly, without having her touch me, she doesn't complain. And if I do want to be more vulnerable with her, she doesn't shame me.

By taking pleasure from me, a femme confirms that I am not deficient. I think this is an area where butch and FTM experience overlaps. Both of us want to know that we can love our women better than those guys with XY chromosomes and phalluses of flesh. In some ways, a femme *is* my dick, because when she gets off around me, she makes what I have seem valuable to us both.

Femmes feel like natural allies to me because I know that they have their own body image issues. Girls always feel bad about some aspect of their physical appearance. Women are always being made to feel too tall, too buxom, too fat, not voluptuous enough, too old. Add to that the fact that many people assume anybody in a skirt is a straight girl, and you can see why many femmes feel alienated from the lesbian community and despair of ever feeling that they belong.

Femmes know, like I do now, what it's like to feel queer on the inside, but look straight on the outside. The fact that we are sexual outlaws becomes a secret, unless I forget to pitch my voice low and start talking with my hands. She's often not very happy about this, and I'm not very happy about the fact that when we go out together, gay people avoid us, especially the men I would like to bend over and fuck. I want my bed to be a playground of delirious delight for her, and I don't want that joy to vanish during Gay Pride month.

I know that some of the women who are reading this essay will be furious that it

appears in a lesbian magazine. Some FTMs will wish that I had kept to myself my ruminations about transsexual desire. Butch dykes have many good reasons to feel competitive with men, and I know I could be perceived as just one more prick—despite my lack of one—who is poaching the Sapphic Fort Knox of lovelies.

But there's a difference between a straight man and me. For one thing, real men have no idea what it feels like to have a vagina, and they learned to eat pussy from watching porno movies. If there's a wet spot on the sheets when we're done, I didn't make it, but you won't have to sleep on it anyway. I'm a gentleman who treats women well because I used to be perceived as one, and I know how hard it is to be a woman in a man's world.

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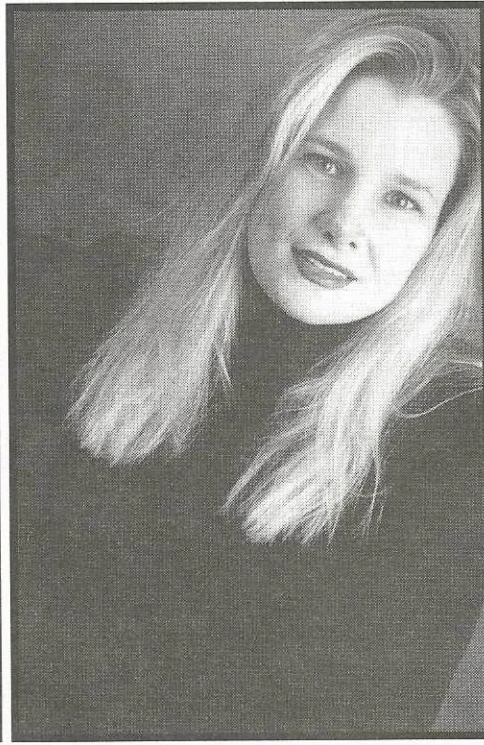
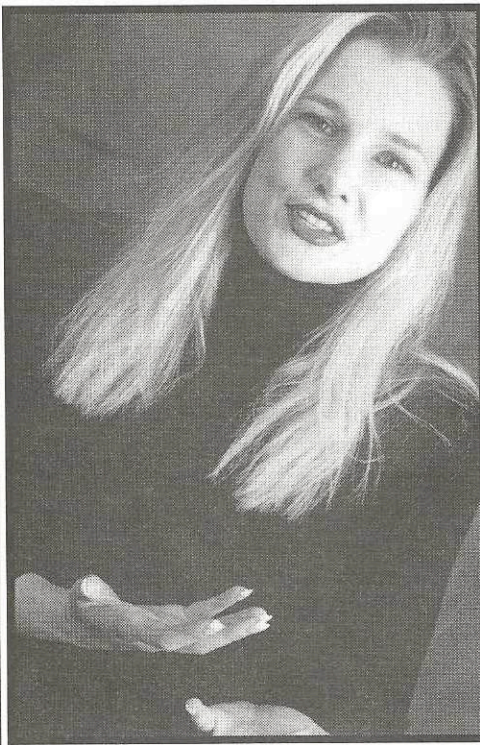
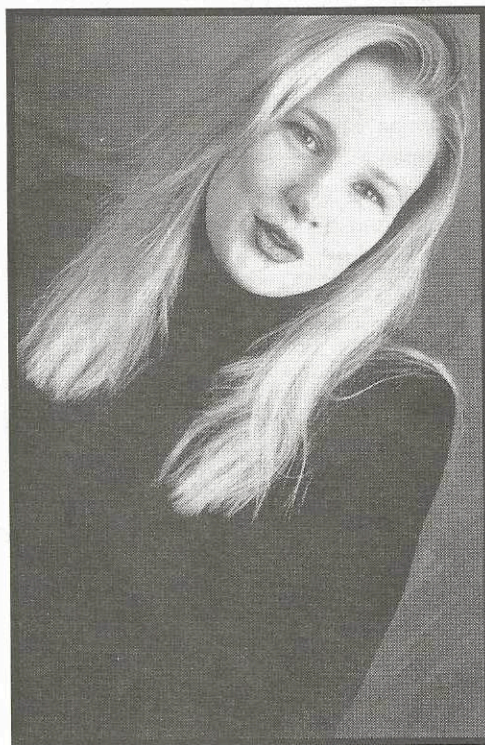
I also know that it's a lot easier to achieve political correctness than it is to find good sex, let alone true love. We all fear the exposure of being seen as we really are by someone we deeply care about. Yet we also hunger for the reassurance of being understood. We want to know where we belong, to be adored, needed, soothed, defended, and challenged. The older I get, the less I care about how people label themselves and the more I care about how they label others. I understand so much more poignantly that the true measure of people is not between their legs. It is in the heart, which either dares to connect with others or shrinks from that glorious ordeal. oob

Lily Burana

The co-editor of *Dagger: On Butch Women* stripped her way across America and wrote a book about it.

interview by Rachel Kramer Bussel

photography by Michele Serchuk



Lily queers the All-American girl.

In the nineties, Lily Burana founded and edited Taste of Latex, the edgy sex 'zine that defined polysexual to the world. Dykes may also know her through her groundbreaking anthology on butch identity titled Dagger: On Butch Women, or her punk rock persona Lily Braindrop. Burana is back with her new memoir Strip City: A Stripper's Farewell Journey Across America, in which she revisits her stripping career by traveling cross-country, strutting her stuff, and reexamining her life. On Our

Backs spoke with the thirty-three-year-old queer activist about her book, "stripper chic," and lesbian love on the job.
On Our Backs: You've written that your book was inspired by the emergence of stripper chic. What exactly does that mean to you?

Lily Burana: You have to bear in mind that I started stripping in the Reagan years. Then, you literally could not talk about it from a first-person point of view without being shouted down by someone telling you, No, you're oppressed and a tool of the patriarchy. Within the last ten to fifteen years we've seen such a tremendous turnaround, largely coming from alternative and academic communities. I think it's been very positive. It's been much more about the women who are doing the work, defining it on their own terms.

OGB: You've told me you're "obsessed" with stripper media. What are your favorite and least favorite examples?

LB: *Showgirls* is my least favorite in the sense that it really did a lot of lasting

damage. The only thing I really liked about it was the fingernail subplot where Elizabeth Berkley and Gina Gershon were throwing shade at each other over the manicure. *That* I've actually seen and I appreciate that.

OGB: What do you think is the biggest misconception about strippers?

LB: The big problem that I have is really that the debate keeps vacillating between one side saying, Exploitation! and the other side going, Empowerment! The real story lies somewhere in between those two poles. I've seen both sides of it—sometimes on the same shift.

Then there's the old trope of the woman who can't act on her own moral authority and is being dragged along by some darker force. In some cases that really is true and

it's very sad and unfortunate. At no point will I pretend that those women don't exist, because I'm not a poster girl for Stripper Nation. *Strip City* isn't a political treatise; it's testimony about what it's like to do the work. I'm not going to make up somebody's mind for them whether it's right or wrong.

OGB: If post-Giuliani Time Square is no longer the capitol of strip clubs, where in your travels did you find the highest concentration?

LB: As far as I know, Portland, Oregon has the highest concentration of strip clubs in the country because it has very liberal free speech laws. Everywhere I've gone, the women tell me, "You gotta go to Portland, the girls there are all pierced and tattooed and breathe fire." But it has nothing to do with the reputation of the state or anything, because there are places in the middle of the Bible Belt that are quite liberal. It really has much more to do with grandfather clauses and local legislation.

OGB: On the recent tour, did you find a lot of female customers?

LB: Oh, definitely, at every single place I went, whether it was in the middle of rural Montana, urban Alaska, or absolutely top-of-the-line clubs in Dallas. A strip club is no longer seen as the boys' club. Women really feel more than entitled to just say, I'm going with my boyfriend, I'm going with my girlfriends, or I'm gonna go hang out.

OGB: And generally, among the strippers, what's the reaction?

LB: Generally, we love female customers. They're so appreciative and gracious and complimentary. And sometimes they have way more fun than the guys because it's something new for them. I love it and encourage it. And it's always fun when you can tell that two girls are there on a date.

OGB: I'll make a note of that.

LB: You know, if you've been a dancer, you sort of live with the expectation that other women are going to judge you or be threatened by you. So when you see a woman come into your environment and she's happy to be there and really wants to see you strut your stuff, it's really gratifying for us. So please, ladies, bring those dollars, we love to have them.

OGB: You took on the name Barbie Faust while you were stripping.

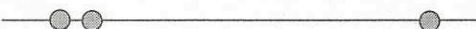
LB: I did consciously cultivate the blonde Glamazon thing because it's such a universal feminine image. Barbie is literally

the blondest common denominator, and in a way it's a response to having been alternagirl for so long. On stage, I'm the most assimilated, mainstream, post-Baywatch blonde. It makes me wonder how many other big-haired blondes are out there on spy missions and we don't know about it.

OGB: One of my favorite parts was where you listed all the outfits you got to wear.

LB: It was great. As a card-carrying high femme, at what other time would I have the perfect excuse to wear Spandex—which I otherwise would recuse myself from wearing—and have it tax-deductible?

Shopping was part of the spy mission thing, too, because I was constructing this Barbie persona to captivate the hetero-



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sexual male gaze. But between the accessories and the hairpiece and the clothes, it was all women and gay men helping me put it together. I may have looked like the typical all-American girl, but you'd be amazed at how many queers, dykes, weirdos, and bad girls it took to put me together!

OGB: You use the word "butch" several times to describe the West and cowboys and that whole environment. I was curious about it because *Dagger* was pretty much about butches in a lesbian context. What does butch mean to you now?

LB: To me, nobody has refined butch to a high art any better than queer boys and girls. It's so great that people really seek their identity through their tribal markings, so I think that particularly for queer boys and girls, they come at butchness with this

attitude of "this is who I am, and I'm going to define who I am by my visual trappings." I'm always going to have a weakness for butch whether it's men or women. It's that "opposites attract" thing. Within the queer community, there is this real sense of appreciation [of butch-femme style] that a lot of straight people probably take for granted.

OGB: It was just a little jarring for me, because here you were in this pretty straight world of strip clubs.

LB: Oh, I have to tell this story because I've been dying to find the right venue for it, and **On Our Backs** is perfect. I was in Alaska once and this guy asked me, What percentage of strippers do you think are lesbians?

As we talked, I got from him, "Frankly, I think all these women are turning me down because they're lesbians." It was so hilarious to me, like, Oh yeah, that's the reason exactly.

In cities where there are big queer centers, yeah, there's gonna be lots of queer girl strippers. But even in small towns, there's lots of girls who have their "work girlfriend." But it was so funny to have that question be asked from outside the community.

OGB: Do you have any general advice to give to aspiring strippers, or things you wish you'd known?

LB: A woman who gave a class on stripping told me, "The first day you start working is the day you start saving for your last day." You have to realize, you're like a dancer or a professional athlete. You are in a body business and you have a limited amount of time in which you're gonna be in your peak earning years. So by any means necessary, save money.

Get educated. Start thinking of what you're gonna do next. A lot of women start dancing 'cause they're in school or they're artists and they have a lot of free time and a flexible schedule. That's cool, but don't lose sight of the larger goal: why did you start stripping to begin with?

If you get burned out, take a break.

Be careful. Be careful who you tell. Don't tell people your real name, your age, where you live—even if you think you can trust a customer. A trustworthy customer one day can be a stalker the next.

And, I repeat, save your money. Because you want to have something to show at the end of your days as a dancer besides fifteen pairs of stiletto heels and a bunch of spangly bikinis. **oob**

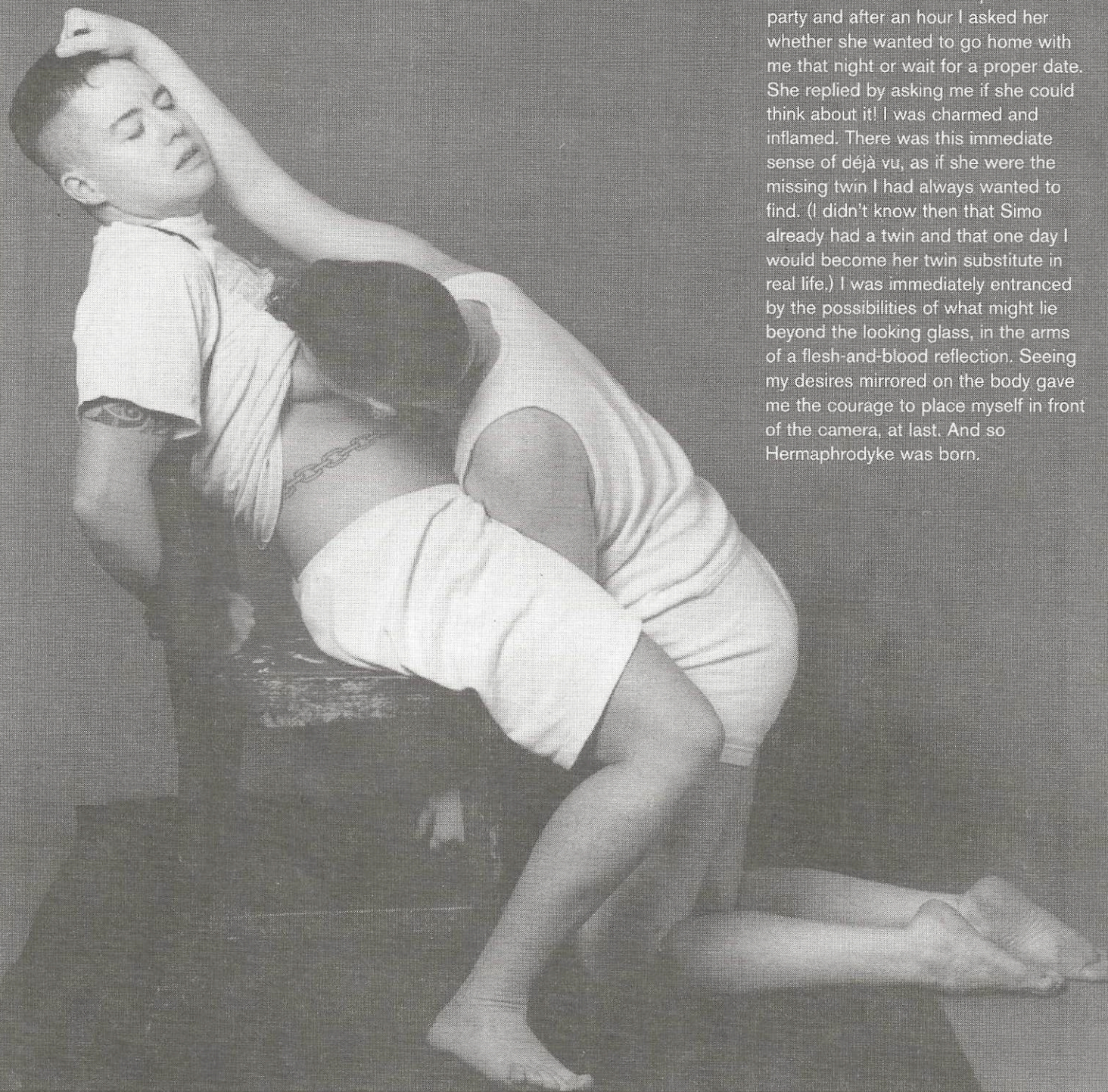
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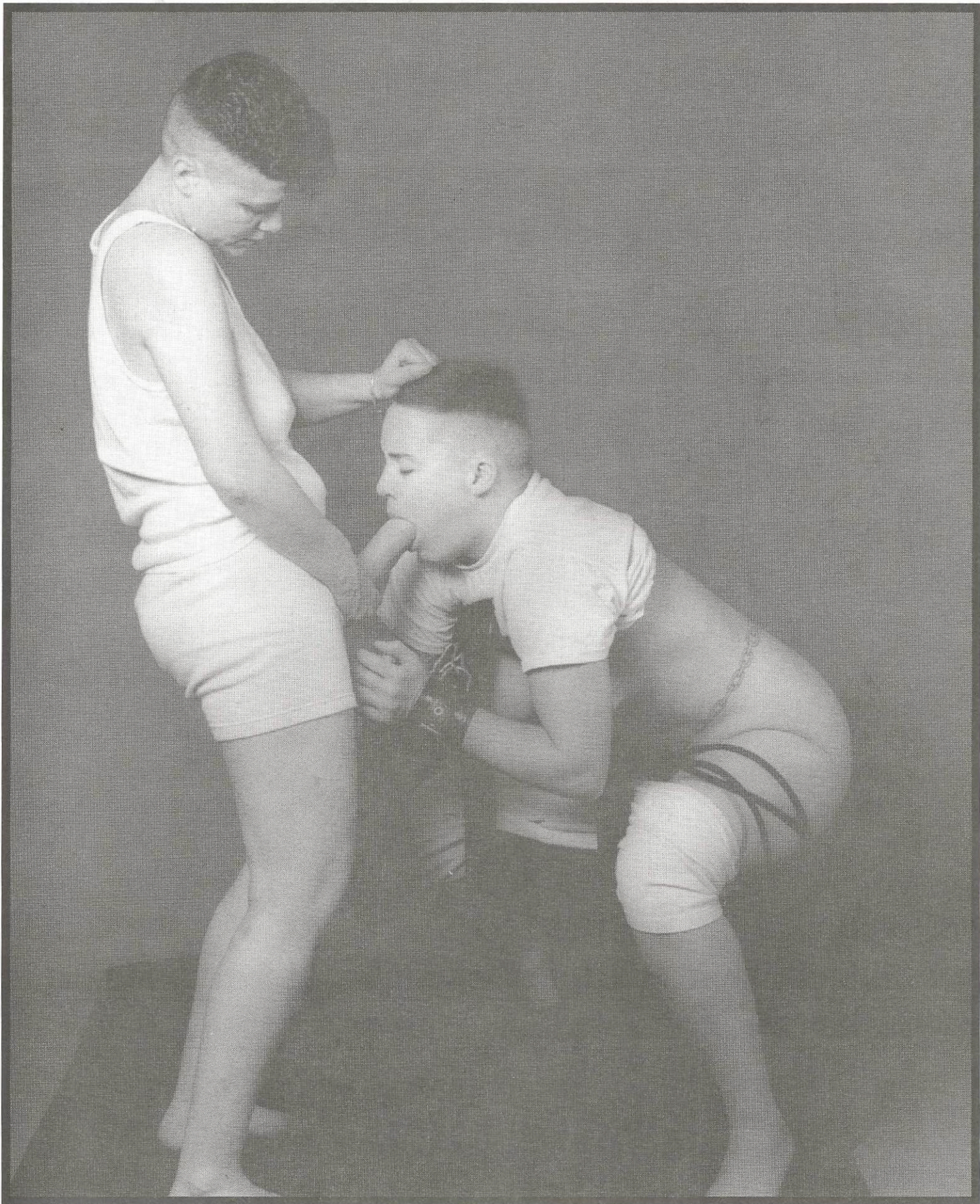
Self-portraits from a photographer
on the edge of gender

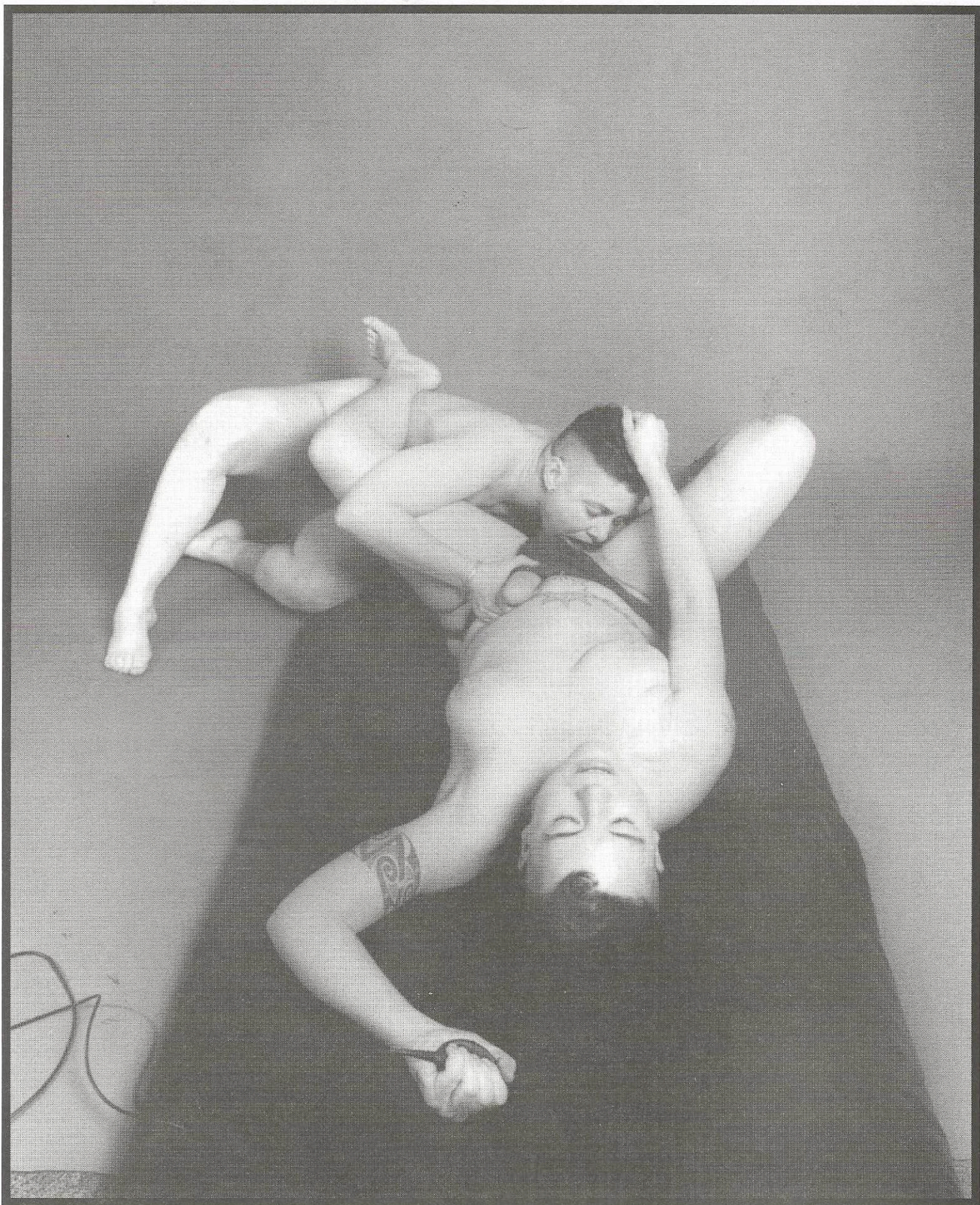
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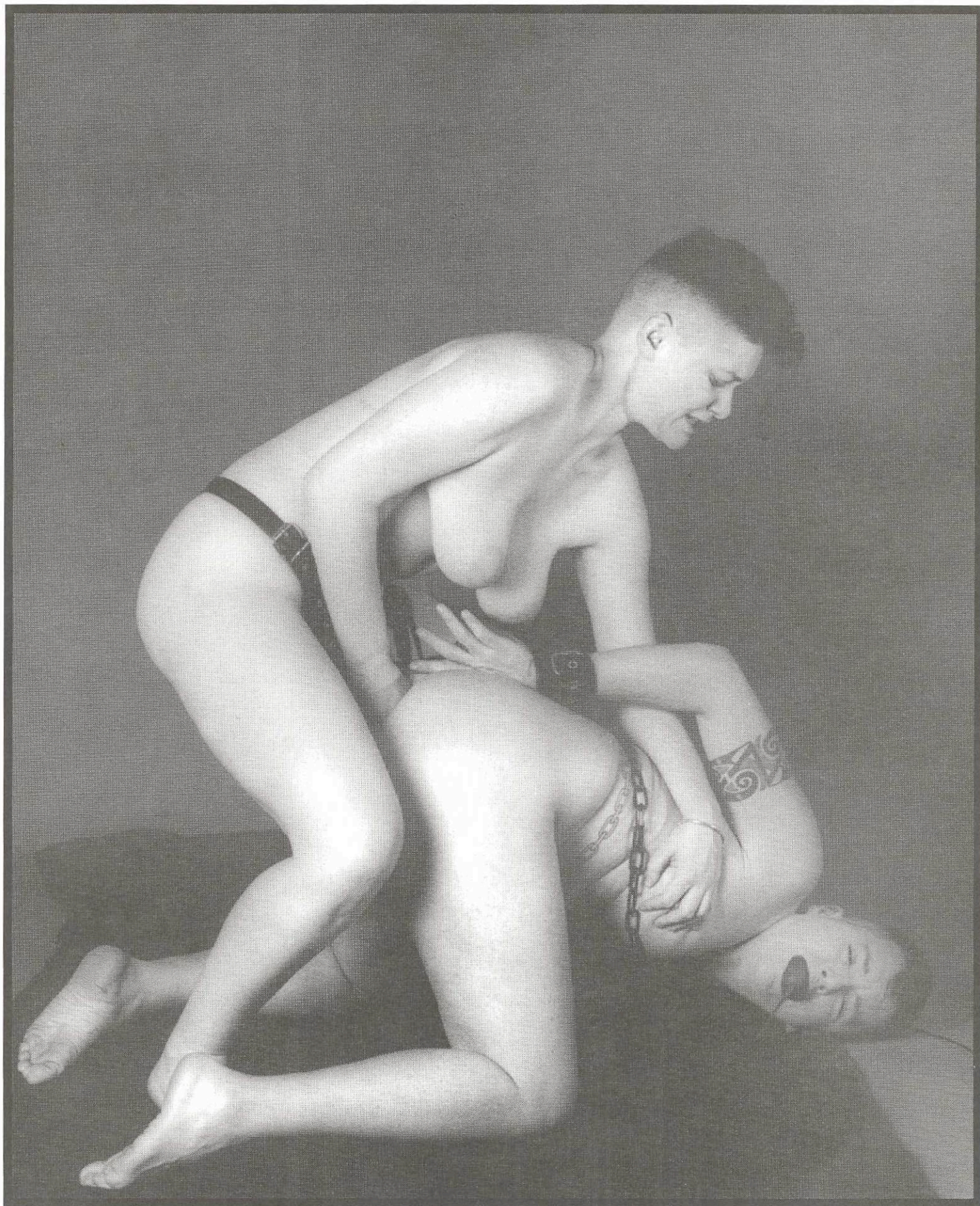


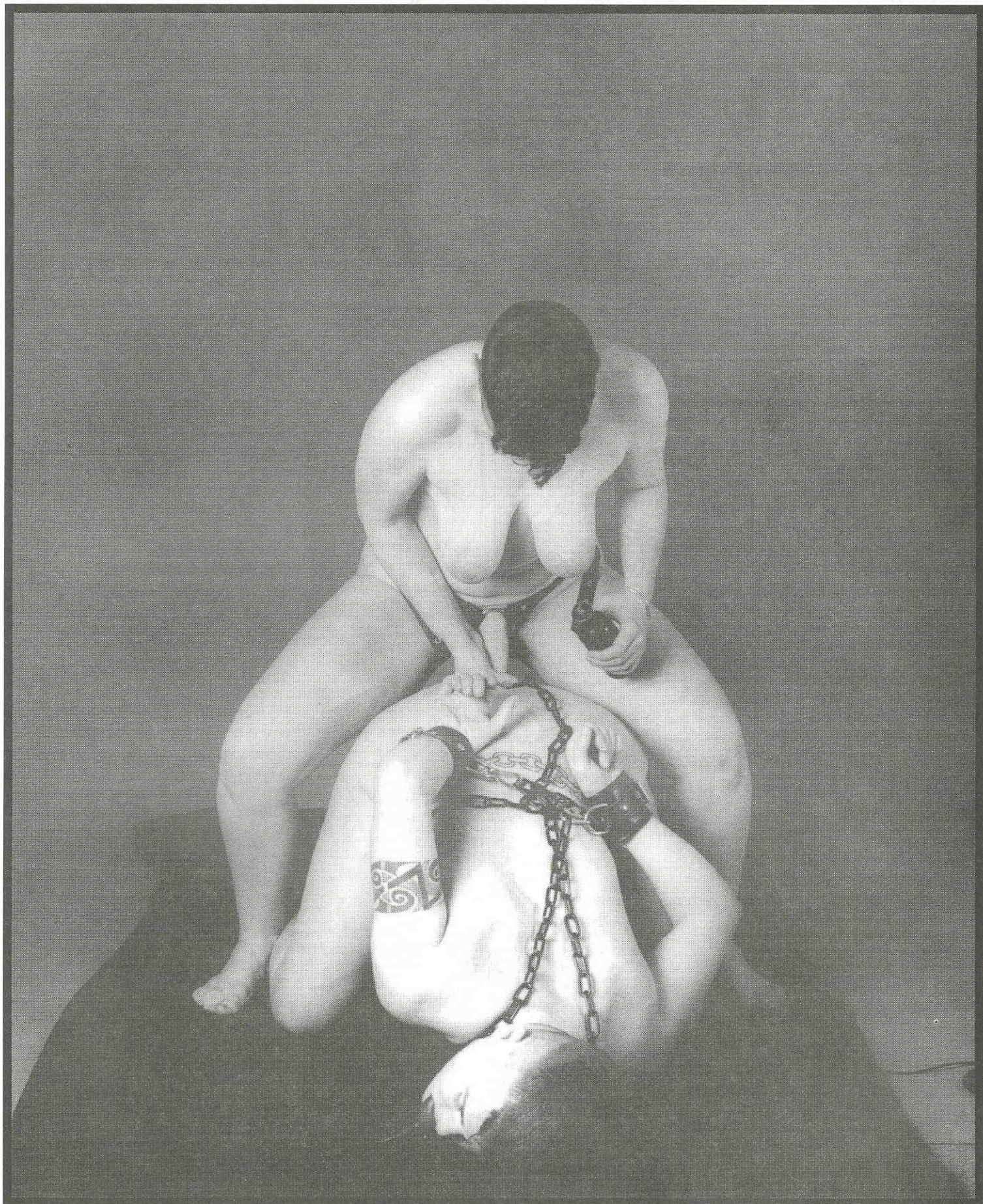
I met Simo Maronati in 1994 at a party Hans Scheirl was giving for the cast and crew to celebrate the end of filming of *Dandy Dust*. As I was leaving, Simo asked me for an (unforgettable) kiss, and I spent the next two weeks trying to ascertain the identity of my mystery snogger. I felt like a gay Prince Charming looking for his Cinderella. It took a few weeks to track her down. We met up at another party and after an hour I asked her whether she wanted to go home with me that night or wait for a proper date. She replied by asking me if she could think about it! I was charmed and inflamed. There was this immediate sense of déjà vu, as if she were the missing twin I had always wanted to find. (I didn't know then that Simo already had a twin and that one day I would become her twin substitute in real life.) I was immediately entranced by the possibilities of what might lie beyond the looking glass, in the arms of a flesh-and-blood reflection. Seeing my desires mirrored on the body gave me the courage to place myself in front of the camera, at last. And so Hermaphrodyke was born.



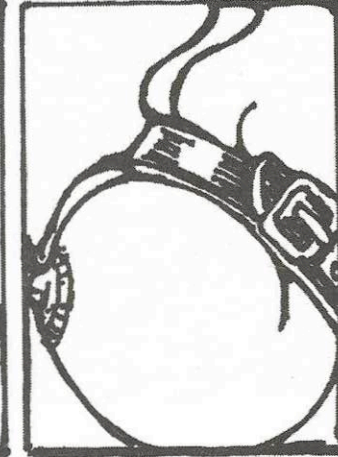
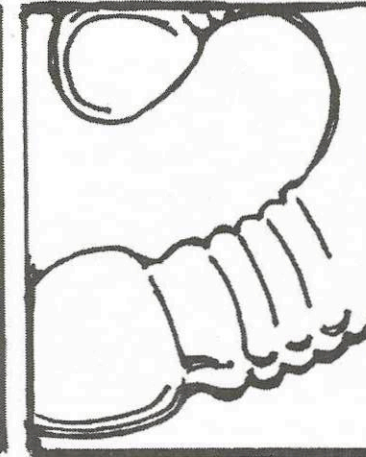
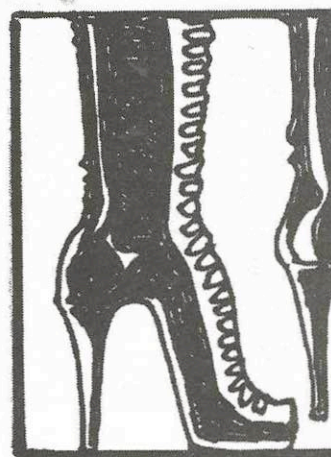
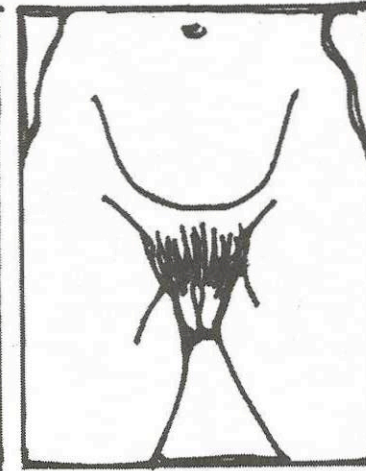
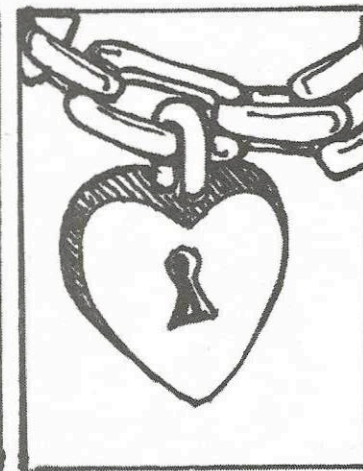
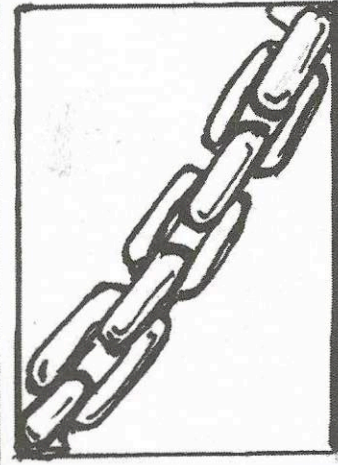
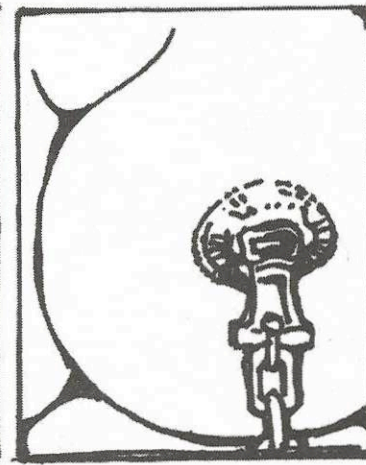
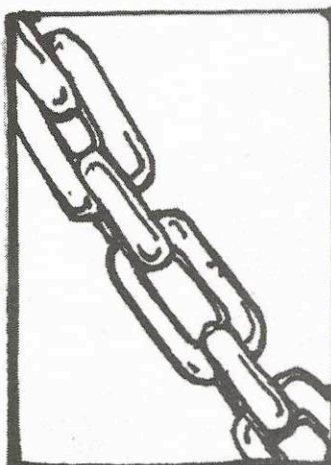
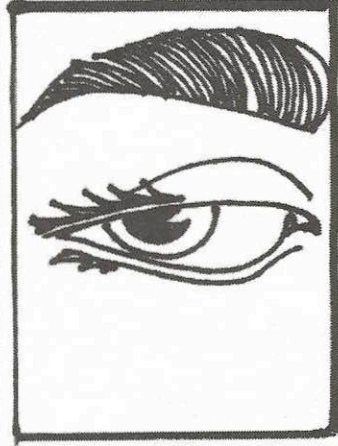
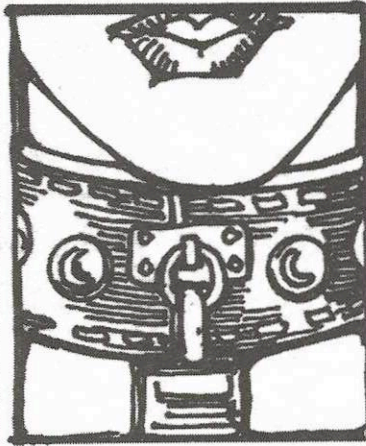
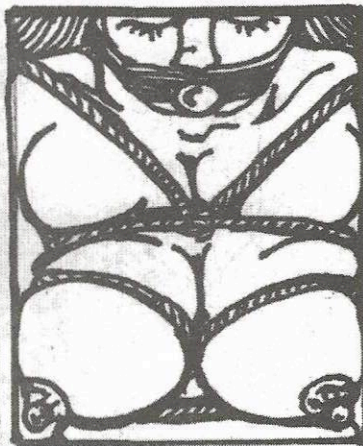
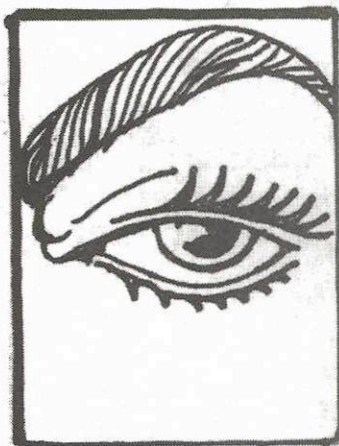








These photos also appeared in Sublime Mutations (Konkursbuchverlag Books, 2001). Del is the one holding the remote shutter.



HOW TO BREAK A WOMAN

by Hanne Blank • illustration by DZ

First, of course, you must find the right woman, a woman you wish to break not only for silly, facile reasons, a woman who presents the appropriate sort of challenge. She may be of any proportion, any color. Only her spirit must be tall, with powerful arms accustomed to squeezing the world in a grand embrace.

She must be beautiful, although not necessarily pretty, and she must know that often there is no connection between these things. She must appreciate art, must be able to savor with a delicate, private shiver the force that drives the sap up and through the tree, the light that springs from a painter's brush, the roar that fills solitude to bursting. She must be unafraid to sing, even if she sings off-key.

She must as a matter of course be strong. But if you have found the right sort of woman she will be; bearing the weight of a worthy, messy, well-ridden life will make her so. Her smile must be unanticipated and radiant, her laugh generous and unselfconscious. And she must want to be broken.

This last trait is most important. Not so important as to overshadow the rest, but definitely first among equals. She need not *know* that she wants to be broken, not quite. It is enough that she have the feeling (it usually nests somewhere between her heart and her loins) that there is more to yielding than being entered, more to giving up than giving out, that there is some part within her that cannot be touched by love's usual glad-hearted jiggy-pokery. Perhaps it has been brushed before and still sizzles in her memory like a fuse. Or perhaps it hasn't, and she knows it only by the shape of the mound it forms beneath the fine silt of hope.

All this is no small thing to ascertain. Flat-out asking is, of course, a possibility, but likely to generate an answer incomplete or wrong. A better response is filtered slowly

out of solution: having stirred yourself into her days, watch her sighs; her asides; her unguarded, long, late-night stretches, head back and eyes shut. Note the contractions of her sadness, the burps of her laughter, the accidental intimacies she allows. As an experiment, hold her wrists when you kiss her. Bring them up far above her head, pinned against a wall. She must stare at you, nostrils flared and pupils slightly dilated, and dare you to do it again.

The longer you teach her the better you will know when and where to begin. This is no place for your head rush, your get-rich-quick. Fruit picked too green will never be sweet, and it will not be only you who suffers the days, weeks, months of pucker. Your haste will earn her disdain.

She will tell you when it is time. Eventually she will, in your presence, chain the hounds of daily survival, and she will hint that somewhere she has left a window open for the right kind of thief to find. Perhaps your hands will be entwined on a restaurant tabletop and she will overturn the grasp, her hand palm up, giving you herself with gradual, warm lassitude. She may hint with the arch of her neck, the ripe, new sigh, when you take a handful of the hair at her nape and tug her head back to kiss below her ear. Or perhaps she will simply tell you. But you must be sure. If you are not, wait. Do not hesitate to wait; longing is no enemy to the tiny fissures of need you will force open into chasms.

Longing is, in fact, what you seek: the haze, the veil, the nimbus of desire whose presence provides the critical element of transformation. This is more alchemy than chemistry, and as for pedantry, there is to lust no greater insult. She knows this. Certain skills are simple rote, and if you have chosen well (and for your sake I pray you have) this is not a woman who will be

impressed by rudiments. Your detailed knowledge of her specific feminine anatomy, for instance, is a given. To be worthy of the instrument, a virtuoso must know far more than how to play. You must know when to play, and most importantly, why.

And so when you receive the sacrament of her wrists, her strong, sweet arms given to you to tie and bind, you must understand that you bind her not to your will but away from her own. You tie her to keep her from her own resistance, from the urge to inter-

as an experiment,
hold her wrists when
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against a wall.

rupt, to reciprocate. Each wind of the rope, each caress of leather takes her further from service—that career to which woman is so deeply trained—and makes it less and less possible for her to please by doing, more and more necessary that she please by being, and that her pleasure in her being, and being at your hands, be enough.

This is why you must not touch her. Hunger for touch is not the thin veneer of the need to come. It is much deeper, the hunger of a baby for the obliterating harbor of its mother's blessed arms, the gravity of flesh on flesh that can pull us to ourselves when we are furthest away. This is why touch is the thing you must withhold no

continued on page 42

daddy

by Red Jordan Arobateau

illustration by Rosemary Van Deuren

Daddy comes over smelling of cheap cologne. He wears dark trousers, shirt, boots like mine. A wan smile.

He crouches on the floor, then sits. Leans back against the sofa. He's uncivilized.

Daddy's poor but he does the best he can. Says he acts wild and crazy though he knows he'd be more effective to be proper and polite and take on the trappings of the middle class. But he can't execute it. It's too much stress.

So Daddy's an outlaw. He makes inappropriate remarks and shares his radical ideas and nasty thoughts with all who will listen—instead of hiding them.

I know soon he's going to remove his clothes, and his feet—in worn socks—will also smell of cheap cologne. He puts it in his shoes, not wanting body odor. The same scent is in his jockey shorts and T-shirt. He even puts the scent inside his hat—just to make sure, after his long day as a janitor.

He shifts his weight on the floor. I see the imprint of long cock meat in his crotch. Daddy's packing a big rod.

Daddy. I'm his boy. Identical in black trousers, T-shirt, leather jacket, and boots. But no five o'clock shadow like him.

I'm more feline, willowy—not being on T. I'm soon going to receive Daddy's love. Show him a good time. Nothing is going to stop Daddy from his pleasure. He's made that quite clear before.

Not the darkest night and threat of hoodlums or lack of money to take a cab.

He waits for the bus in the corridor called shotgun alley, which cuts through the barrio to take him home.

I want to be in a relationship. I conveyed this to Daddy one night.

That's fine. He replied. But don't limit yourself while you are waiting. Daddy gazed at me with his sultry Daddy look. Probing deep into my eyes for so long—as if wading deep into the well of my soul for kept

“i could have
used you during the
week, boy. i could
have used your
tight little ass.”

secrets. So long that I finally look away. When I turned back I caught Daddy's gaze resting on my chest. My tits are not very large but budding and firm. Enough for Daddy's pleasure. Daddy said the sight of my tits gets him off. To feel them and

squeeze them and watch them bounce as he enjoys his stroke.

Daddy, like many transmen and butch dykes too, pisses standing up. A yellow stream into the toilet, with the seat up. Boy is fascinated. Appraises the Daddy method. A plastic disc four inches in diameter rolled into a funnel which Daddy coolly removes from his back pocket. He places the large end under his piss hole and lets it fly. Piss shoots out of the narrow end of the funnel, zizzing into the bowl.

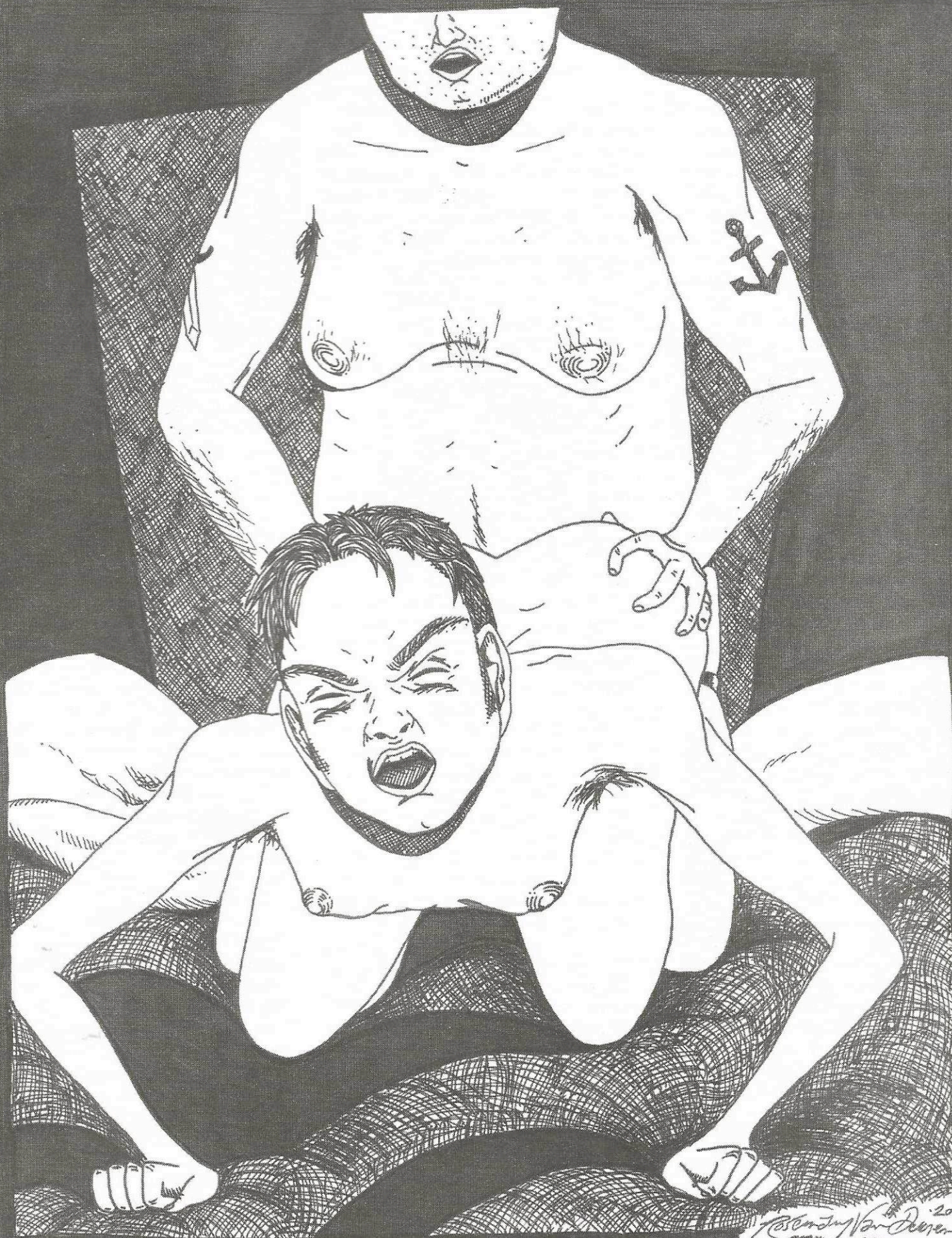
Now Daddy comes out of his clothes. His body is hard from training with iron weights. He has a bit of fat—a small potbelly. A Daddy-style belly.

Daddy wishes he was bigger and stronger. More massive. He goes to the gym and fights in vain with the weights. A steel bar with black iron discs. Barbell and dumbbells.

Boy is in awe of Daddy's ironhard muscles. His bulk. He's twice the size of Boy. He's macho. A powerhouse. In Boy's eyes at least.

Daddy's body has evidently passed from that of a total woman to that of a man. Softer and more round than the former, to hard, no hips, bigger shoulders, and hairy. I didn't know him then. Just now, in his true self. Daddy's voice is changing. Lowering week by week. But he still sneezes in a high pitch—like a girl. “I sneezed at work the other day and almost outed myself.” He confides, chagrined.

continued on page 42



2001
Brendy Van Deren

matter how you want to stroke, to caress, to reassure her with gentle pressure. She may already be desiring, but desire is not sufficient. She may already be wet, her cunt weeping for want of you, but tears aren't enough either. She must yearn, keening with long-forgotten desperation, in thrall to the echoes of every time she has ever longed to be touched, to be taken, to be stolen away.

So let her feel your breath on her body, the warmth of your very life against her thigh, her ear, her neck. The currents of soft promises, of a paean to her majesty, of a rumbling threat to make her scream until her throat fails, all will rustle the infinitesimal down on the skin of her hip, her cheek. Tell the fur between her legs what you plan to do to the hungry briny goddess who hides behind it, your lips grazing the hairs as you talk to her. Tell her how she will be open for you, be filled and gorged and used for you, the vibrations of your voice dancing electrical down the wiry cables toward their destination.

Objects will come to mind as you watch her, hovering over her face as if you might at any instant kiss her. Perhaps you will plan some things you can use, like that ice cube lazily oiling your whiskey that can be held tight in your fist, chilly drops seeping between your fingers to splatter her breast, her hip, with trickling kisses. Her hairbrush can bristle a cobweb up an inner thigh. Scarf silk floats down over her face, throat, shoulder.

Make her velvet, make her leather, make her the itchy thick nubbled wool of your heavy jacket, draped over her, dragged down her, drawn up between her thighs and across her parted lips. This is a test: do you have your number-two pencil? Draw the featherlight maps of your lust on her skin with the sharp graphite, letting it drift over her swells and niches.

Coax close the hungry mongrel in her skin as you slip your belt off, the better to stroke her, to tease her, to catch the thick of a nipple against its doubled-over loop. Stroke her pussy with it, tease it against her clit, then part her teeth with the thick, insensible tongue that tastes of her own cunt. Learn the rhythm of her wincing, the pleading of her arched back, the incantations of the wordless sounds that bubble from her mouth.

Melt her. Let her drip with the heat of your words spilling over her in bursts like midwest thunderstorms. Make her ooze like the thick, clear lubricant in the bottle that rests quiet and complicit in a bowl of hot water, the warm liquid clinging where you drip it on her body like dreams you can't quite shake in the morning.

Listen to her sing, to her throat as it vibrates beyond sound, to the flushed rustle of her bound beauty. Give her almost enough, but never quite. Give her the glut of her own restless want, feeding it back to her. Make her measure the paradox of your delicacy and knowing, brutal force.

Sacrifice anything but her yearning, give her anything but your skin. Bear the yoke of her pleading despite the heaviness of your own desire. This is not about you, and devotion must be its own reward. Hurt her if she requires it, if you can withstand it. Go with her, bewitched, to the cross, to the lions.

And then, and only then, touch her. Call her back to the torn earth, to the shuddering grip of her longing. Touch her belly, her sides, her legs, the storm-streaked curves of her face, the terrible tenderness of cheeks and lips and forehead. Bring your skin to her skin, the weight of you to her waiting. Crush her, knead her, go into her burning and become the flame that shines through her eyes, pushing, demanding that she not stop yielding. If you are lucky, she will not.

I tell you this because your eyes were gorgeous when you flirted with me, because you eyed my dark nails and lips and reputation and you asked me if I could tell you how to break a woman. I tell you this because I liked the look of your biceps disappearing under the soft of your shirt. I liked the sharp white edge of your teeth. I tell you this because you are graceful enough, because I think you may be cruel enough, because your touch on my arm was uncompromising in just the right way to make my pussy beg like a dog for your hand, even though my face was cool and my eyes clear and steady.

So now you know. This is how you break a woman: exactly as she wants to be broken. oob

Daddy wants to fuck tonight. Like all nights. I have stripped myself naked for him, and helped him out of his clothes. I sit in the middle of the bed waiting.

Daddy gouges his fingers into the can of Crisco, pushes it into Boy's asshole. Boy's ass is upturned, waiting to be pounded. White congealed grease is smeared over his asscrack. Daddy places his big cock-head at Boy's hole and begins to jiggle the shaft, vibrating, stimulating his own clit ecstatically; and simultaneously pushes past the first sphincter into Boy's rectum.

"Go slow, Sir. Please, Sir," Boy says breathlessly; his request laboring from his mouth; his thick stomach sucked in, tense.

Daddy's strong hands caress Boy's bottom and stroke his sides.

Daddy's strap-on dick has become a part of him—he's used it in 10,000 fuckings. Its shaft is long, slender. Nine inches of rubbery silicone. Daddy makes it pretty damn real to the person on the receiving end.

"Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck me in my little boy butt! Oh Daddy! Push your big cock up my hot little boy butt!"

"Oh it's so good. Oh suck. Oh Fuck. Oh Shit. Oh Baby. Oh Jesus. Oh God. Oh FUCK."

"Fuck my ass with your penis!" I shout.

"I'm giving you all my love," he shouts back, humping wildly.

"Drive your penis in my ass!"

"I'm giving you all my cum."

"I could have used you during the week, Boy. I could have used your tight little ass." Boy smiles. He's growing on Daddy's heart.

"Thank you, Sir."

Daddy could have used Boy's slender body to satisfy his hard dick and his seeking spirit—both of which drive him wild.

As he readies himself to go, I mention, "Maybe we could reschedule our busy lives to meet twice a week instead of just once, Sir?"

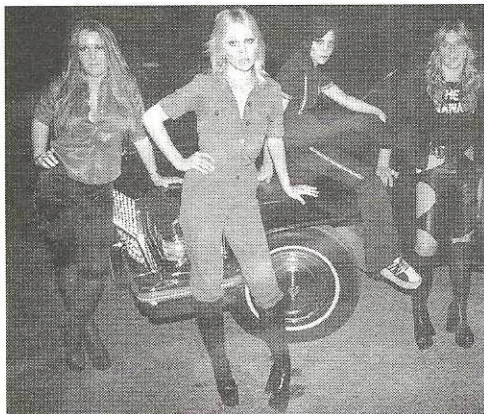
"Yeah," replies Daddy, curtly.

"Thank you, Sir. I'll look at my calendar, Sir. And give you a call. I could free up Wednesday or Thursday for your pleasure, Sir."

As I help him on with his coat, Daddy mumbles something vague about how he, too, will consult his calendar. oob

cheers + jeers

compiled by Diana Cage



▲ "I think some of the band were having affairs with each other. **I never knew gay existed until I joined the Runaways.** One day somebody said something and all of a sudden I figured it out. I was like, **Oh my God, you mean you like girls? For real? Holy Shit!**"

Runaways' former lead guitarist Lita Ford, in Spin

"The bulge has become the fashion statement of the season,"

British jeans maker Lee Cooper on his new line of jeans with built-in bulge, according to a Reuters report



▲ "I have never felt such soft lips in my life. I fell in love."

Heather Locklear, on sharing a kiss with Denise Richards on an episode of Spin City, as quoted by Internet Movie Database

"I was wet the entire time. And sticky. And semi-naked."

Actress Cate Blanchett on her role in The Shipping News, in Premiere

▼ "Think about it: what would bug the Taliban more than seeing a gay woman in a suit surrounded by Jews?"

Ellen DeGeneres in her monologue as host of the 53rd annual nighttime Emmy Awards, as quoted in The Advocate

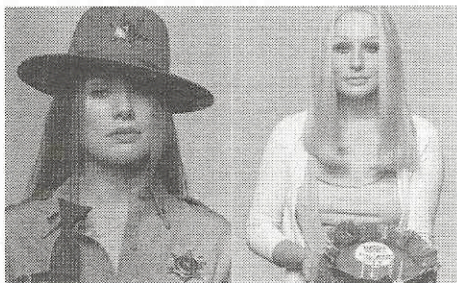


"Go get yourself something to eat, honey. You look like you could do with a meal."

Old woman on the New York subway to Gwyneth Paltrow, after handing her a five dollar bill, as quoted on the Internet Movie Database

▼ "I was reading about **what was going on in Afghanistan**: the way women were being oppressed, the destruction of religious statues. And when I heard [Slayer's "Raining Blood"], I just imagined **a huge, juicy vagina coming out of the sky, raining blood over all those racist, misogynist fuckers.**"

Tori Amos, in Spin



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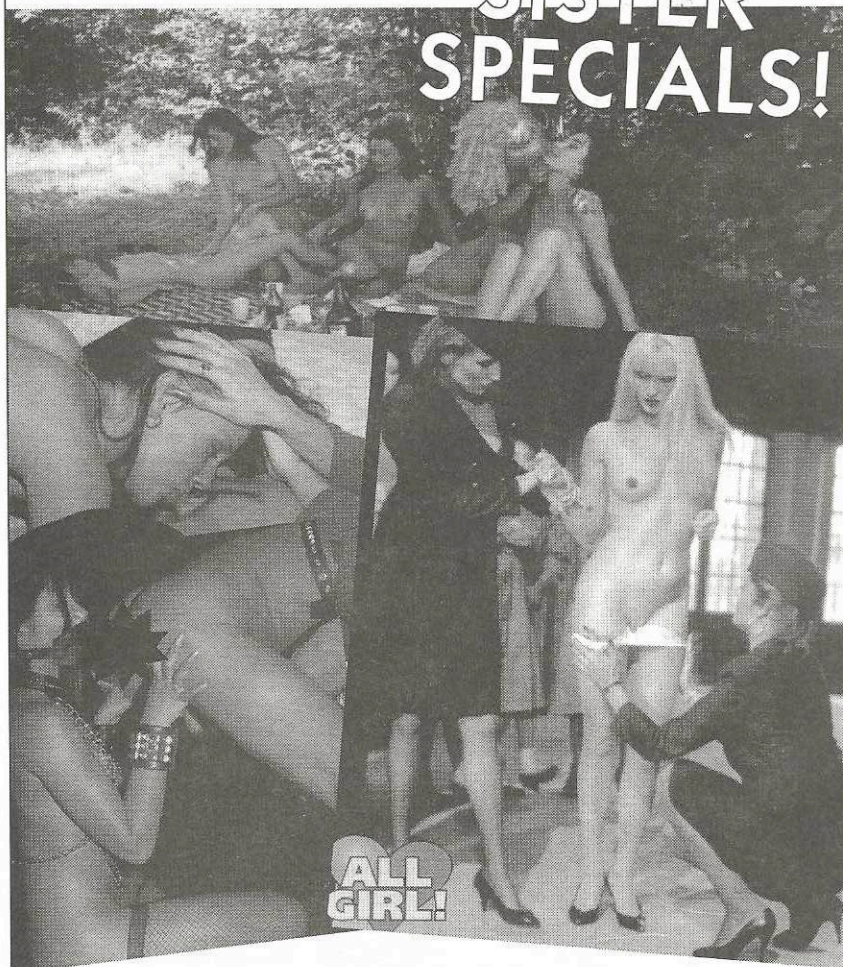
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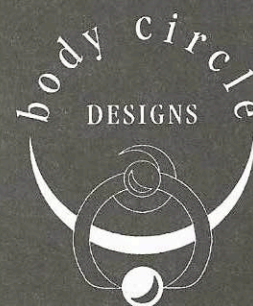
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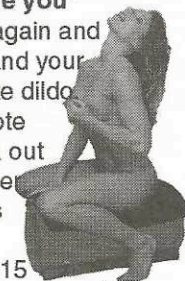


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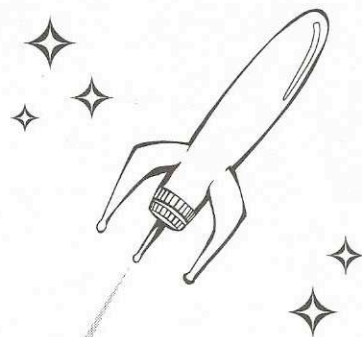
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backtalk

What are the ingredients for a great **Orgasm?**

compiled by Diana Cage

A Top's Delight

My wife underneath me, groaning, as I pump my cock in and out of her wet cunt. When she whispers to me that she's going to come, I feel it in my crotch, and when she comes I feel my own explosion—starting at the base of my cock and spreading hot and tight through my entire crotch. *Kels*

Worthless Little Slut

Being pushed so close by something I find divine, perhaps nipple torture, and then being denied makes me very hot. Being told I'm not worthy of release makes me want it that much more, to the point of willing to do anything. After I'm allowed to have my orgasm I feel like my entire body has collapsed. *Chat*

Pump Up the Volume

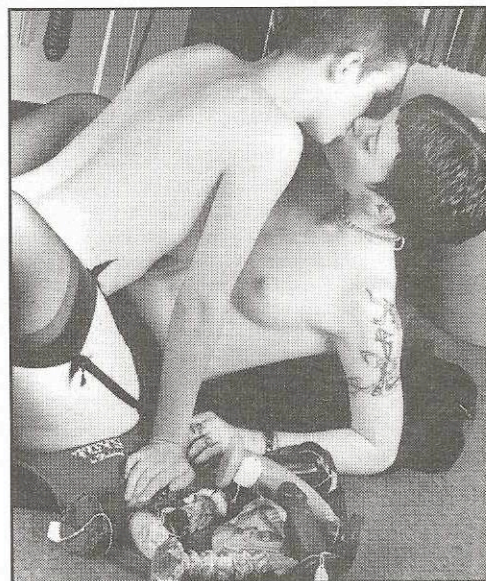
Nothing gets me to orgasm faster than great lube paired with great music. I get so wet with warm lube trickling down my legs while the hard, driving beat of the music plays in the background. The louder the music, the better: that way the neighbors don't hear the screams. *Wink*

Buttfucked Boy

I put a porno in the VCR—the raunchier the better—and lie down on my bed. I don't fast-forward to the good parts; I make myself watch the whole thing to draw out the arousal and make it last. When I feel myself getting wet I touch my clit slowly. When the sex really starts going, like when some girl is getting fucked hard in the ass, I'm already close to coming. Then I picture a hot boy beneath me. I pretend I'm forcing my cock into his ass and I touch my clit with my fingers. It usually takes just a stroke or two before I come hard and fast. *PJ*

Give Her a Hand

I love having my girlfriend's fist in my cunt while I hold a vibrator on my clit. The



combination is so intense that it makes me come incredibly hard. *Anne*

Sex at Work

I take out my most loved and well-used toys, usually a very small jelly buttplug and a Pocket Rocket vibrator. I start with the vibrator, rubbing it up and down along the lips of my pussy. Once I'm wet and turned on, I lube up the buttplug and slowly slide it into my ass. Once it's in I hold the vibrator against my clit and visualize this hot girl at my office that I have been lusty after. I imagine we're in the office after-hours. She's going down on me and fucking my pussy with her fingers. *Lily*

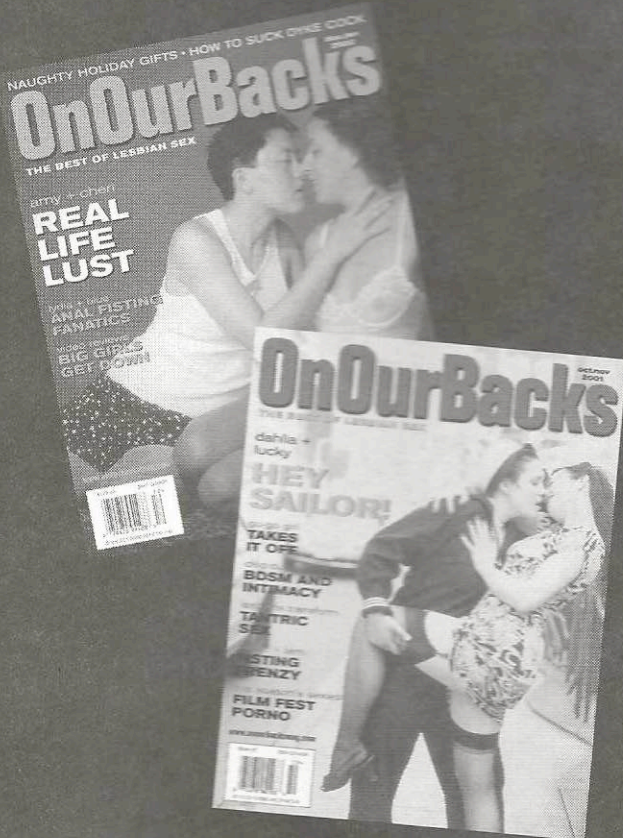
Please, Daddy

I come hardest when my Daddy is behind me, pushing my face into the pillow and making me beg for his cock. He makes me wait until I'm so wet and frustrated that I'm nearly crying. Then he slides it in slowly. It's so big I can't take it all at once, but if he goes slow and easy eventually it all goes in and I can feel it stretching my cunt, filling me completely. Then he fucks me so hard I scream. *Inez*

Easy Lay

A sexy, willing partner with a hot tongue and some long, talented fingers to penetrate me, and I'm there. Of course, nipple play and slow kissing always add to the orgasm. *Susan*

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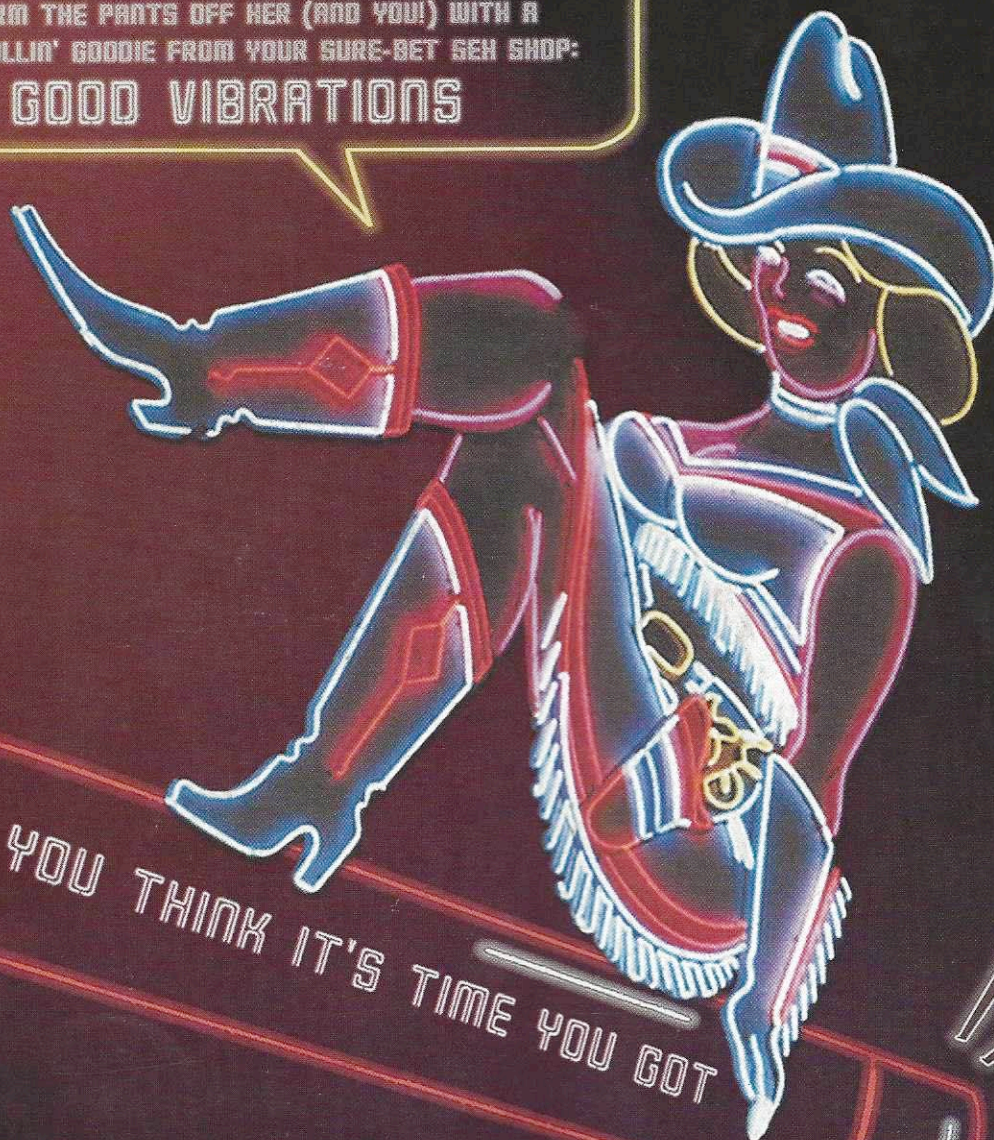
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